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NOW THAT CONGRESS is in session again, persons who either will not or cannot understand the deep realities of American politics are once more proposing a Congressional armistice on controversial economic questions for the duration of the depression. This seems to us a dangerous proposal. It is not because we want to see Congressional action blocked by unnecessary political bickering, but because we believe that an effective "adjournment of politics" would simply mean that Congress would be swallowing whole, and without adequate consideration, whatever program for economic relief the Administration might hand it. Moreover, we find it difficult to believe that a Congressional armistice could be made effective. With their chances of success in the 1932 elections so brilliant, it is hardly likely that the Democrats would join with the Republicans in any legislation that might bring more credit to the Administration than to themselves. No, we expect to see the Democrats play a passive, non-cooperative game, fearing to take positive action of any sort lest it lead them into error that will hurt them at the polls next November. We have much more hope for the Progressives. The tactical position of this group is greatly improved compared with what it was last winter. Moreover, the Progressives are more determined than ever to put through their own program. That they have the strength of their own resolution, if not sufficient voting strength, was shown by their defiance of the absurd attempt of the regular Republican organization to coerce them into supporting George Moses of New Hampshire as presiding officer of the Senate by threatening to deprive them of their committee chairmanships.

IT IS GOOD NEWS that there is to be a vote on prohibition in the House in the coming session of Congress, and that an effort will be made to give the Senate a similar opportunity to vote during the coming winter. More than that, Senator Bingham of Connecticut is proposing both a popular referendum on prohibition and also to introduce an amendment to the Constitution for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Our readers are aware of our opinion of Senator Bingham; we fear that the source of the proposal will injure it; but as we have been of the belief for a long time past that the people ought to be allowed to vote on this great question, we cannot but hail a move to secure that vote from whatever source it may come. Exactly how a popular referendum may be secured we do not know, nor do the dispatches tell us what Mr. Bingham has in mind. But we are very sure that there will be no real difficulty in the way of devising a procedure if the leaders put their minds to the task; it did not take Congress very long to find a way of registering all Americans between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one after we went into the World War. There is no greater need today than to provide a means for the direct expression of a popular will.

IN February will be convened the general disarmament conference for which the world has been waiting these last twelve years. Upon its outcome largely depends the question of peace or war in the immediate future. Success is by no means impossible, but it can be had only if there are brought together at Geneva some of the world's wisest statesmen and ablest citizens. We had thought that the Hoover Administration was aware of the tremendous importance of the approaching discussions. It was reported that Dwight Morrow had been asked to head the American delegation, and we had hoped, when his untimely death removed Mr. Morrow from consideration, that some man of like caliber would be chosen in his place. But apparently this is not to be. It is already fairly certain that the delegation will include Ambassador Gibson and other men who have represented us at the preliminary conferences in such a way as to arouse grave doubt of their sincerity as proponents of disarmament. The chairman, it is reported, will be Henry P. Fletcher, former chairman of the Tariff Commission. We do not know just what qualifications Mr. Fletcher has that fit him for this fateful mission. The admirals and generals will be at Geneva, too, not as delegates, but under the euphemistic title of "technical experts." In short, unless the Hoover Administration awakens soon, we shall find a group of mediocre Americans making a hopeless mess of this disarmament conference which means so much to the future happiness of the world.

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GREAT BRITAIN is sending Premier MacDonald, Germany is sending Chancellor Brüning, and France will probably be represented at Geneva by Premier Laval. President Hoover, therefore, is virtually obligated to send someone of high official position, for example, Secretary Stimson, although the conference is likely to last six months and would keep Mr. Stimson away from his duties in Washington during that period. But even the European Powers could have found better men for the job at Geneva. Ramsay MacDonald's record on disarmament is good, but lately, particularly since the fall of the Labor Government and his desertion of the Labor Party, his attitude toward this question has perceptibly weakened. Premier Laval, though once a radical, owes his present position largely to the industrialists and bankers who are the real powers behind the French government and therefore behind the French demand for security before disarmament. More distressing is the suggestion from London that Arthur Henderson may be displaced as chairman of the conference. This post was offered him by the League of Nations because of personal qualities, and not because he was then Foreign Minister of Great Britain. Mr. Henderson is a sincere and consistent advocate of thoroughgoing disarmament. He has shown that he is above petty domestic politics in his attitude toward this question. It would be a real loss to the disarmament conference, and perhaps a serious blow to world peace, were he now to be displaced as chairman because he no longer has official standing at home.

GOVERNOR LARSON of New Jersey failed to honor the memory of Dwight W. Morrow when he appointed Warren W. Barbour to serve as United States Senator until the election in November, 1932. Mr. Barbour is in many things the antithesis of Mr. Morrow. He has no record of public service or achievement behind him, but is simply an ultra-conservative of the familiar big-business type. The linen factories which he inherited from his father have the reputation for having thoroughly cowed their workers, who are not permitted to join a union. Mr. Barbour himself is treasurer of the Protective Tariff League, and as chairman of the finance committee of the New Jersey Republican State Committee has frequently raised large sums of money for his party. Everybody knows now where Mr. Barbour will stand when he takes his seat; he will be the ally of Watson and Smoot and Fess and the other extreme reactionaries in the Senate. It is truly one of the weaknesses of our governmental system that a Governor who has himself just been defeated for reelection can appoint to the Senate a man who stands for everything that the State of New Jersey voted against last month. Moreover, the appointment is in direct conflict with the latest expression of public opinion at the polls in New Jersey, for, on the same day that it was made, a Democrat, Percy H. Stewart, carried the Fifth Congressional District, a Republican stronghold, by a majority of 1,900. There was only one issue in the election—the Hoover Administration.

AFTER A SERIES of precipitous declines in the past few weeks the pound sterling is now at a discount of more than 30 per cent from parity, and virtually at the low level it reached in February, 1920. Psychologically, the present situation of the pound is remarkably similar to that of the franc and other currencies shortly after their post-war decline had got well under way. Informed opinion in the outside world is almost unanimous in the belief that devaluation is now inevitable; but there is neither an admission nor a discussion of this possibility—at least in public—by anyone in the present British government. The renewed decline of the pound appears to have been met in England with singular complacency, chiefly because of the widespread belief that the decline will bring about a revival of British industry. In spite of the fact that if the present discount on the pound were to be completely reflected in the British internal price level it would mean an advance of nearly 50 per cent, the depreciation of sterling has so far brought all its disadvantages with very few of its supposed benefits. The failure of British export trade to be stimulated to the extent that had been hoped for is chiefly attributable to two reasons. In a time of almost unprecedented world-wide depression like the present, with Germany, ordinarily one of England's best customers, almost unable to buy at all, even great price advantages stimulate buying very little. But much more important, importers of other nations must hesitate to do business when the pound can fluctuate in value ten or twenty cents in a few days. Until foreign-exchange stability is achieved, England will continue to be disappointed in its expectations of a trade revival.

THAT MASTER-DRAMATIST, Adolf Hitler, has already assumed direction of Germany's foreign affairs in his own opinion, and proclaims his speedy rise to actual control through the mandate of his fellow-countrymen. Hitler's message to the foreign press, issued from a hotel opposite the Foreign Office, was not merely a piece of political impertinence; it was a challenge which Brüning's subsequent silence makes all the more portentous. There may be no truth at all in the rumors that Hitler and the leaders of finance in outside countries have made a private arrangement, anticipating his eventual rule; but ominous none the less is the calm with which his frank plays to the gallery have been received by foreign industrialists and financiers. His promise to pay Germany's commercial debts while ceasing the payment of reparations has behind it justice and logic. But the aftermath of a German-declared end to reparations, without negotiation, threatens an upheaval likely to engulf all Europe in violence and to delay economic recovery. And even the fulfilment of Hitler's rosy pledges, of which there is no guaranty, would be a dear price for the enslavement of the German people under a reactionary, bombastic, anti-Semitic, militaristic dictatorship. A coalition of the German Social Democrats and Communists could still vitiate the sanguine expectations of Herr Hitler, for their joint strength is greater than his own estimate of Nazi polling power. Such a union, however, would involve the conquest of almost insurmountable difficulties.

MAHATMA GANDHI goes back to his homeland bearing no pledge of a centralized federal autonomy, and indeed with only a vague outline of provincial self-rule. The Prime Minister, fresh from whipping the Churchill extremists in the House, and apparently cheered at having won further opportunities for negotiation, insists that the Round Table Conference was not a failure. But Mr. MacDonald's capacity for seeing fruits on thistles is notorious;

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and the Indian National Congress, having gone through two disillusioning conferences, is unlikely to derive robust hope from a plan for committee inquiries and another conference to be held at some future time in India. Gandhi's post-conference utterances have been guarded and restrained; obviously he must consult his Congress colleagues before revealing his plans. No all-inclusive campaign of civil disobedience is to be authorized for the moment; but for that matter, the previous campaigns were sporadic and partly local, and yet tremendously effective. It is not without significance that Jawarharlal Nehru has in recent weeks been addressing crowded gatherings of peasants, and telling his unshrinking listeners bluntly that war—which in the terminology of non-cooperation does not necessarily imply violence—is now inevitable "for all the rest of our lives."

THE JUGOSLAV ELECTIONS have occurred—in their fashion. That is to say, something like 50 per cent of the electorate voted, following a campaign unrivaled even in the Balkans for the kind of clumsy ferocity which is coming to be typical of Jugoslavia. There was no opposition list, of course, and the government of King Alexander and of his regicide Prime Minister, General Pera Zivkovich, was automatically returned, as everyone knew it would be. The sole issue was the amount of the vote. The opposition, including members of parties generally as varied in point of view as the Slovene Clericals, the Serb Agrarians, the Moslems in Bosnia, and of course the dissident Croat Peasant Party, banded together in an electoral boycott; but the police saw to it that it was only partly successful. A petition containing 200,000 signatures of protest against the elections was, for instance, seized in Croatia and destroyed. The polling itself was a gorgeous farce. There was no written ballot, of course; the voters were simply herded to the booths and asked verbally to declare their allegiance to one of the various government candidates. And few dared refuse. A law severely restricting the circulation of opposition petitions was convenient in saving the police the subsequent trouble of destroying them. Any kind of opposition political meeting was forbidden. Finally, by the terms of the electoral law, the party winning a majority of votes gets two-thirds of the seats in the chamber; and King Alexander himself appoints one-half of the senate for life terms. A practically painless method, in short, of preserving the dictatorship under a thin veil of parliamentarianism.

A NEGRO named Williams killed a white man because he "only paid me fifteen cents an hour." He then attempted to commit suicide but was restrained and taken, wounded, to a hospital. From his hospital bed he was seized by a mob of some 300 men, dragged to the courthouse square in the center of the town, and hanged from a tree there, after which his body was taken down and burned. This, in an America not strange to lynching, has a familiar sound. What makes it unfamiliar is that the violence occurred in the town of Salisbury, Maryland. Maryland, under the able advertisement of persons like H. L. Mencken and of the Baltimore *Sun,* has for a long time been known as one of the most civilized of our United States. Of late, however, the Eastern Shore counties of Maryland have been slipping. Negroes have been threatened; counsel for their defense have been mobbed. Maryland's reputation right now is in a very parlous state. Governor Ritchie and Levin C. Bailey, State's Attorney, have denounced the latest lynching with the greatest forthrightness and have promised speedy prosecution for the leaders of the mob. "There will be no more delay," said Mr. Bailey, "than is necessary for the identification of those who took part in this crime." We still have confidence in Maryland and we believe that Mr. Bailey and the Governor mean what they say. And if lynchers in that State are brought to justice for the plain, ordinary murderers they are, the lynching of Mack Williams will undoubtedly help to prevent similar occurrences in the future.

IN A RECENT ISSUE of our morning newspaper we discovered three separate items each giving a comprehensive (and different) explanation of the whole cause of the present depression. The most original of these contributions to economic theory attributed all our difficulties to the high schools; but the most inclusive, the most unanswerable, and in a way the most comforting was that which emanated from the Pope in Rome, who declares without equivocation and without fear of successful contradiction that God is responsible. According to the Associated Press dispatch, His Holiness believes that the depression is too general to be the work of man, and adds the following wise words: "It is evident that the hand of God is being felt and that the things of the world are obeying the hand of God. It was God who gave years of abundance, years which we now scarcely believe existed. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." Nothing, it occurs to us, could be simpler and nothing more comforting to those in power, who might, without this assurance, have had moments in which they feared lest they and their deeds might be in some measure responsible. Thanks to that inward light which, as a Quaker, Mr. Hoover enjoys, he was doubtless in possession of this information even before the Pope spoke, and the fact probably explains his apparent inaction.

IF HE WERE DICTATOR, Dean Inge of St. Paul's in London would make the proper gestures toward leagues of nations, abolition of armaments, and the destruction of tariff barriers. But he would do something which we think ultimately far more important in the future happiness of mankind. He would abolish rouge and lipstick. The discussion over whether or not a pale woman looks handsomer with red cheeks artificially and skilfully applied has almost stopped raging. Women put on store complexions as a matter of course, cheeks, lips, eyes, and all, and some of them do occasionally improve their appearances thereby. It is even said that some men prefer their women mascara'd and with greasy, vermilion lips, and if they do, considering the far from perfect state of our society, we shall make no formal protest. But in an ideal state, when Dean Inge, or Mr. Chase, or any of our admirable friends has set himself up with a heavy-headed scepter to boss the whole works, we are for prohibition of facial beauty by the box if it is to be exhibited at a distance of less than ten feet. And for any woman who shaves her eyebrows and paints a black half-moon on the bulge over her eye where a wise Providence intended her to have a shadow of hair suited in shape to the rest of her face, the boiling oil will be merrily heated and, humanitarian though we be, we will watch the bubbles and the steam arising and merely laugh.

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Hoover Leaves the Job to Congress

THROUGH nine months of what has been undoubtedly the severest depression the country has ever known Congress was compelled to remain idle. This enforced idleness, which the President could have ended at any time, carried with it the implication that Congress was not equipped to deal with the stupendous problems arising from the depression, and by the same token that the President was thus equipped. Thereby Mr. Hoover assumed the grave responsibility of formulating and proposing a program of his own with which to meet the economic crisis. Congress has now reassembled, and it has the President's message before it. That message is a confession of the almost complete failure of Mr. Hoover to live up to the large responsibility he took upon himself.

The message contains nothing even resembling a comprehensive and well-balanced legislative program. True, it does put forth several specific recommendations, and a few of these are excellent to the very limited extent that they go, but even these suggestions and requests are unrelated and have no clearly defined purpose. Moreover, the message completely ignores some of the most important questions that have come out of the depression. In brief, Mr. Hoover has thrown upon Congress the task of producing a program of relief—a task which he himself had inferentially assumed by his refusal to call Congress into special session. And thus nine precious months have been wasted.

War debts and the tariff are two fields in which the government could act to relieve the country in its present desperate plight. Adjustment in either or both of these fields would also prove a boon to Europe, upon whose recovery Mr. Hoover lays such heavy stress in his message. Even a minor downward revision of the tariff, let us say a return to the Fordney-McCumber rates, might give that fillip to world trade which would start us on the road to recovery. And it can hardly be denied that a readjustment of the war debts would have immensely beneficial results. But as to the tariff Mr. Hoover said: "I am opposed to any general Congressional revision. . . . Such action would disturb industry, business, and agriculture. It would prolong the depression." On the question of the future policy of the government with regard to war debts he was wholly silent. Is it possible that Mr. Hoover is still blind, after all the developments of the last several months, to the overwhelming importance of these two questions to the general economic situation?

Mr. Hoover specifically recommended an increase in taxation, but did not even hint the form this increase should take. He urged the erection of "an emergency reconstruction corporation of the nature of the former War Finance Corporation," but he neglected to go into details as to the organization and purposes of the "reconstruction corporation." He did say that it should help with government funds needy corporate enterprises that "cannot otherwise secure credit." Does this mean that the corporations which are so near to bankruptcy as to be considered poor risks by ordinary commercial banks are to be subsidized by the government? If so, would that not be a government dole pure and simple? Perhaps a reconstruction corporation would be a splendid thing in this time of panic. It might be able to help needy enterprises from which the banks are unnecessarily withholding credit. But before we could indorse or even comment upon this proposal we should want to learn something more about it than Mr. Hoover has put into his message.

This vagueness and lack of detail extend to virtually all his other recommendations. The railways, though he recognizes their predicament as presenting "one of our immediate and pressing problems," are dismissed with a brief paragraph, a renewal of the suggestion that a consolidation scheme be worked out and a fresh proposal, again without details, that rates charged by competing services be regulated "by some authority." He urged that the eligibility provisions of the Federal Reserve Act be extended, saying, "I understand such an extension has been approved by a majority of the governors of the Federal Reserve banks." This will surely be news to the Washington correspondents who only a week ago reported that the Federal Reserve governors were in general opposed to such an extension. Mr. Hoover further recommended "the improvement of the banking laws," but apart from suggesting "an enlargement of branch banking under proper restrictions," he again offered no specifications. Another suggestion looks toward the establishment of a "Public Works Administration," under which "all building and construction activities of the government now carried on by many departments" would be "consolidated into an independent establishment."

But in the matter of unemployment and unemployment relief Mr. Hoover is at his most shining empty best. There must be no government aid for the jobless. "I am opposed to any direct or indirect government dole," he said. Large business and financial corporations may be assisted by federal loans or other means, but the man out of work must not look to Washington for help. That, we are told again, would "jeopardize those principles which we have found to be the basis of the growth of the nation. The federal government must not encroach upon or permit local communities to abandon that precious possession of local initiative and responsibility." Of course, Mr. Hoover is not leaving the jobless man and his family to depend entirely upon haphazard private charity. The federal government, for instance, is providing a few jobs through its building program. Moreover, "through the President's organization for unemployment relief, public and private agencies were successfully mobilized last winter to provide employment and other measures against distress." Still, distress and unemployment managed to spread at a disquieting rate. Mr. Hoover promised equally "effective" relief for the present winter.

We sincerely trust, now that Mr. Hoover has demonstrated beyond dispute his own paucity of constructive ideas and his pitiful lack of courage, that Congress will work out a sound and practical program, and thereby not only show Mr. Hoover that he was very poorly advised in not calling a special session, but also contribute that measure of government assistance which seems so imperative to turn us toward economic recovery.

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Spain Charts a Course

CONFOUNDING their critics, plowing straight ahead to accomplish what many a skeptic deemed impossible, the revolutionary leaders of Spain have now crystallized their objectives in an amazing constitution. It provides for a single-chambered Cortes, thus departing radically from the conventional system of checks and balances which so frequently checks nothing but the people's will. The sexes are given equal status, and women are granted the vote—a step which was hotly debated at the time of the king's overthrow. Divorces may be obtained by mutual consent; and so, while irresponsibility is not encouraged, the harshness, hypocrisy, and collusion due to rigid divorce laws are swept away at a stroke. No children are to be legally illegitimate, this clause removing from growing boys and girls a stigma for which they have in no wise been responsible. The Catholic church is disestablished and means are provided for the dissolution of religious orders and the seizure of church property should the church's intransigence make this drastic step a necessity; the age-old political corruption within the church is separated both from itself and the state, a change which ought to promote, rather than hinder, the exercise of religion. Provision is made for the distribution by voluntary collectives of land from the large estates so cruelly exploited hitherto by absentee landlords; therefore Fernando de los Rios, the Socialist Minister of Justice and expert on agrarian problems, may proceed with his famous plan, described, so he says, "as audacious" by "a powerful man from Russia who just visited me," and calculated, as he frankly tells the Andalusian farm workers, to cause two years of increased suffering as a prelude to eventual prosperity. In respect to war, this country which has disarmed its troops more than 50 per cent in six months and closed down most of the military schools now states in its basic law that the president can declare war only when such a conflict is in accord with the Covenant of the League of Nations, when it is defensive beyond all doubt, and, far more significantly, when the dispute has first been submitted to arbitration by Spain without reciprocation by the other disputant.

Spain today, according to this document, is "a republic of the workers of all classes"—uniting for the future as in past revolutionary activity both the intellectual and the proletarian elements. And if radicals of other countries are inclined to scoff at this phraseology and class the Spanish revolution as nothing more than a political revolt, the rest of the constitution should be reassuring. From the beginning of the revolutionary movement, it was clear that the great bulk of the revolutionists were not going to be content merely to chase out King Alfonso and then establish a laissez faire regime modeled after the United States. One of the first symbolic acts of the provisional government was the ratification of the Washington Eight-Hours' Day Convention; despite the conflicts between the impatient Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Socialist-Republican temporary Cabinet in recent months, the way has been smoothed for labor organization and the economic condition of many workers has been improved. The influence of the Socialist Party, which is so far the only well-disciplined political organization in the country, has been tremendous; and if at times the moderates have been restive under Socialist pressure, they have, as Zamora frankly pointed out, been willing to give the Socialist program a chance to prove its worth.

In the development of their political and economic ideas, the anti-monarchists from the very beginning drew on the experience of France, Russia, England, Germany, and Latin America, rather than on the United States. It is not only that our numerous interventions to the southward have invariably made the front page of the Spanish dailies; it is not only that before the Spanish revolution some of our envoys and financial interests had in a sense intervened to bolster up the dictatorship and monarchy. For even though thousands of youthful Spaniards every week thumb through the gay little periodical which retails the exploits of *Los Banditos de Chicago,* the proud nature of the intellectual Spaniard has long recoiled in disgust from our municipal corruption, our federal malfeasance, our big-business domination of politics, our cynical disregard of workers in periods of prosperity and our charity in hard times, our lack of spontaneous zest for poetry, art, and song.

For our part, we should like to see the Spanish constitution read in every institution of higher learning; it might well become the object of study in the lower schools. It would be a revelation to some of our moribund labor leaders. Acknowledging its occasional lapses in cohesion; conceding that always a national charter promises more as a document than it performs in the everyday life of the people, we still acclaim this constitution as a triumphant achievement. It is a challenge to fascism on the one hand and to communism on the other, let alone the pseudo-democracy of which we have long been the chief collective expression. To the Spanish people our admiring congratulations. And for the trying days of the future, with their multitudinous, exacting problems, our warmest hope for a steadfast development of the program so ably started on its way.

Mooney Still in Jail

MAYOR WALKER has been to California to make his plea for Mooney's pardon; Governor Rolph has received the Mayor as a friend and listened to him as an advocate; the California press has provided more stings than Mr. Walker is accustomed to, even in his home town; the first public hearing on the Mooney case has been held by a Governor of the State; not only the Mayor of New York but Frank P. Walsh, who for years has pleaded Mooney's cause, Aaron Sapiro, likewise a pleader of long standing, the foreman of the jury that convicted Mooney, the judge that tried him have again strongly urged his release. Mr. Walker even produced a dramatic surprise in the shape of a letter from former Prosecuting Attorney Charles M. Fickert declaring that "in my opinion you [Walker] are probably right in maintaining that it would be to the best interests of the State that executive clemency be granted to Mooney." And now, what have we?

Mooney is still in San Quentin prison. Governor Rolph has announced that it will probably be three months before he can issue his decision on the pardon plea. And Mr. Fickert, after a wandering and inconsistent "explanation" of the cir-

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cumstances under which his letter was written, takes it all back and says he meant nothing of the kind. He does not think Mooney should be granted clemency; he only meant it might be granted "if Governor Young were right" in his assertions that Oxman's testimony, which convicted Mooney, was false. Fickert adds: "Oxman always stuck to his story. I believed it during the trial and after that. To the day of his death Oxman maintained that it was true. I still think so and I am not changing my position against clemency for Mooney."

This should be almost enough to make Mooney's advocates throw up their hands in despair and go home. Fortunately, they are not the hand-up-throwing sort, and we can be sure that they will continue to work and plead, and above all to hope. Mooney himself seems to have given up any very strong hope of his release. When Mayor Walker, probably inadvisedly, assured him that he would soon be free, he replied: "I seriously doubt it." The difficulty in the Mooney case, of course, as has been stated many times before, is that the matter is not one of simple truth or simple falsehood, but of politics. Mooney is in jail, not because he was convicted of throwing a bomb, but because he was the sort of man, in the opinion of influential persons in California, who might have thrown one. Various Governors of California who might have exercised executive clemency were intimidated by these influential persons, who assured them that they would lose more votes by freeing Mooney than by keeping him in prison, and since their main concern was votes and not Mooney, either in or out of jail, they kept him in. Mayor Walker, undoubtedly strongly moved by a belief in Mooney's innocence and by the touch of sentiment offered by the spectacle of his mother who wants to have her son with her again before she dies, found that he could make excellent political capital out of his trip to California. Finally Governor Rolph, with on the whole less to lose politically than any of his predecessors and with a more assured position in general, nevertheless is human enough probably to wish to derive a certain amount of credit for the gesture of freeing Mooney. So far it has been Mayor Walker's show. If Mooney were pardoned today, the applause would be for the Mayor and not for the Governor. When the Mayor's appeal is three months cold, and he has become thereby no better than any other advocate, it may be that the chances for a pardon will improve.

Charles M. Fickert remains the villain in the piece, as he has been from the beginning. He is no longer in public office. He has nothing in the world to lose, presumably, by Mooney's release. Yet some hidden source of malice, some innate obstinacy of judgment, keeps him faithful to a record of testimony that responsible persons have solemnly sworn to be false and that other equally responsible persons solemnly believe to be false. This is the testimony of the cattleman, Oxman, which brought about Mooney's conviction, and which has been conclusively shown to have been perjured.

But Mr. Fickert is not convinced. And Captain Charles Goff of the San Francisco police department, one of Mooney's bitterest adversaries, is not convinced. Another hearing will probably be held at which these protestants against a pardon will be heard. More delays, therefore, more protests, more argument; and more months at least for Mooney to stay in jail.

An Evangelist in Rhyme

VACHEL LINDSAY is the first to die of those men whom Americans have been in the habit for at least a decade of considering as the standard poets of their century. Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, Masters, and Lindsay—here were five men who had made and kept a national reputation the justice of which on one ground or another could not be disputed. Different as the five were from one another, they were nevertheless comparable in that each of them had produced work of a measurable quantity and that each of them had made a contribution to the discussion of human nature, which presumably is the ultimate concern of any kind of literary art. Subtler and more ingenious poets had supplanted the last three in the minds of connoisseurs; yet the five remained immovable—bound to be thought of in any survey of contemporary verse, and difficult to dispose of.

Vachel Lindsay had suffered in reputation most of these five—one of whom, if not two, can be said never to have suffered at all. For several years before his death Lindsay must have been aware that the world endured his eccentricity only because it had once been exciting and admirable. If it was so no longer, there was at least "The Congo" to remember; and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven"; and "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight"; and "The Chinese Nightingale"; and "The Santa Fe Trail"; and "The Eagle That Is Forgotten." The latter years produced nothing like any of these; they produced, indeed, a great deal of pathetic nonsense, and the "Collected Poems" have as much bad poetry in them as ever was produced perhaps by a famous man.

How much value we shall continue to place on the better poems is of course a question to which there can be no answer at a moment when the generation represented by Lindsay is in process of being succeeded by another one whose representatives are so clearly different from him. Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish, Hart Crane, Allen Tate, Phelps Putnam—these and a dozen others seem to be separated by centuries from a poet like Lindsay. This is not to say, however, that Lindsay will not continue to speak with a very interesting voice. If he does so it will be because the poems through which he speaks are still impressive either because of their message or because of their art. For of message they are full. It is not without significance that Lindsay lectured for years at a Y. M. C. A. in New York and for the Anti-Saloon League in Illinois; or that he tramped the United States preaching a gospel which he called Beauty. The question how long these simple enthusiasms of Lindsay for peace and purity will be capable of stirring American readers must be left, of course, to time.

The answer will be determined in part also by the degree of respect which Lindsay's art succeeds in keeping. When the legend is lost of his strange, wild platform appearances, when no one remembers any more having heard "The Congo" read "as it should be read"—what then? Doubtless "The Congo" will survive even that catastrophe. It is surely a fine poem. In it, along with a naive and powerful message, is a music which needs no voice to make it heard. "The Congo" will survive. So will half a dozen other poems. The rest are already dead.

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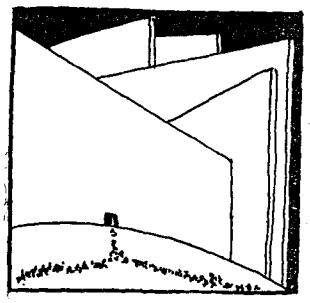
Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



NO, it was not lack of material that made me play hooky. On the contrary! As long as the present Wise Men from the East and the North and the South and the West continue to rule this world (and there are so many more Wise Men today than twenty centuries ago) I could easily fill the whole *Nation* week after week by giving you nothing but an abbreviated account of their latest exploits. The eyes played hooky. They informed me that they had joined the oculists' union and refused to go on with the sixteen-hour day. They asked for new glasses and would not do a stroke of work until they had got them. And, of course, I had to agree to their terms, for if I can keep those eyes going for another fifteen years, they will see stranger things than they have ever seen before. I quite fooled them this afternoon by putting on three pairs of glasses and here is my story.

The European mail has just arrived. Let me give you a little sample of the menu of international delicacies that were served up this Thanksgiving Day of the year of grace 1931. The radio was yodeling its messages of good-will and prophecies of better times. In distant Washington the Great White Father was packing the rest of his drumsticks in copies of the original Kellogg pact (you can't let that waste paper lie around the Executive Mansion for ever—may as well use it for something practical). In distant Berlin the German people were drinking coffee made out of roasted grain because they were too poor to buy real coffee. In distant Brazil the people were throwing their coffee beans into the sea or were using them as fuel for their locomotives because they were unable to sell the stuff. And while these things were going on the representatives of half a dozen sovereign nations were holding half a dozen solemn conclaves, and this is what they were doing to increase the peace and harmony of our happy little planet.

At home the Five Hundred Percenters, the Tariff Enthusiasts (the Hundred Percenters of the war era were pikers compared to our present tariff fanatics), were burning the midnight amperes in their ardor to frustrate the nefarious designs of the perfidious Britons, who had actually dared to declare a duty upon certain articles of American manufacture. Meanwhile, in distant London the free traders of yesteryear were burning the midnight tallow candles to devise ways and means by which to circumnavigate the pitfalls of the American tariff act while getting their own extra pound of bacon. Meanwhile, in far-off Angora, where the goats come from, and where the heart of Turkey beats as it has never beat before, the subjects of Pasha Kemal (they would walk much farther than a mere mile to escape from a leader who is loving them and their country to death) were listening to a debate which ended by raising all Turkish import duties to a point where imports become an impossibility. Meanwhile, not to be outdone by the fascists of Asia Minor, those of the Apennine peninsula, giving vent to their feelings via a resolution of the Italian National Council of Corporations, demanded an immediate tariff revision which should place Italy at the head of the list of all tariff-breeding countries (loud cheers and an amendment asking that all nations recognize that the word "tariff" is of Italian origin). If Italy takes certain steps, can France be far behind? Of course not. Behold a brave communiqué informing all loyal French citizens that the importation of foreign agricultural implements, of foreign laborers, of foreign wines and shoes will soon come to a complete standstill because the tariff and the passport regulations will be changed to accommodate conditions to the prevailing necessities. If France takes certain steps, can Belgium be far behind? Of course not. The Department of the Interior calls together an Advisory Economic Council. It advises that import duties on cold-storage meat, butter, and margarine be raised by 500 per cent and those on fresh meat and butter by 700 per cent. And hark! a faint little voice from still another quarter. Holland, staunchest and oldest free-trade community in the world, goes protectionist. Two against one, the Dutch parliament decides in favor of an increase in the existing and hitherto negligible customs regulations.

In July of the year 1520 a certain celebrated painter by the name of Dürer, a member of the painters' guild in the city of Nuremberg, set forth upon a trip to Antwerp to attend the coronation of the young Emperor Charles, originator of the Spanish Empire and the well-known Hapsburg mug. He took his wife and his wife's maid with him, for in those days painters had to keep up certain appearances and ladies still buttoned in the back. We possess a minute record of that voyage down the Main and the Rhine. It makes interesting reading. Not very exciting reading but interesting, for old Albrecht was a careful citizen who counted his pennies. As a result, the little book bcomes one interminable wail about frontier guards and custom guards and dishonest money-changers. Every two or three hours the old scow was forced to approach the shore for a general inspection of the passengers, their credentials, and their luggage. Master Dürer was provided with the equivalent of the modern "dago-dazzler," that strange and semi-diplomatic document which a few highly favored American drummers attending to the business needs of the more remote South American countries are able to cajole out of the State Department, and which carries so many seals and so many gold and red and yellow ribbons that the dumbest Bolivian customs man will bow before it in solemn silence. But even that imperial firman failed to facilitate the progress of His Majesty's pet painter to any noticeable extent. Every two-by-four principality must levy its half-dozen groschen upon Frau Dürer's spare petticoats and waste valuable hours asking the honored visitor idiotic questions about himself and his party.

I recommend the little book to an enterprising modern publisher. All he need do is to change the date to 1931.

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Relief: 1931 Style

By AMOS PINCHOT

GREAT calamities generally breed great leaders. Luckily for this country, the calamity of unemployment proves no exception to the rule. For, at the precise moment when America is faced by this appalling problem, it is Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company, and Mr. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who come forward with a grand constructive principle, which, if followed, would not only relieve distress, but go far toward lifting us out of the slump.

Some of us have been a little skeptical about business leadership. Inclined to undervalue its spirit of service, we have indulged in loose talk about soulless corporations and shortsighted captains of industry. Now the moment has come to revise our views. In offering to the American people a yardstick with which to determine precisely what each one of us should give for the relief of the unemployed, Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford have performed a service of the very highest quality.

The Young-Gifford yardstick, or gauge of proper giving, is embodied in a series of appeals, signed by Messrs. Young and Gifford, which were published during October and November as full-page advertisements in our leading magazines. Because they are of transcendent importance, and, what is more, since they are the subject of this article, I venture to quote two of them in full.

FORWARD!

Between October 19 and November 25 America will feel the thrill of a great spiritual experience. In those few weeks millions of dollars will be raised in cities and towns throughout the land, and the fear of cold and hunger will be banished from the hearts of thousands.

Be sure that you do your part. Give to the funds that will be raised in your community. Give liberally.

And know that your gift will bless yourself. It will lift your own spirit. More than anything else you can do, it will help to end the depression and lay the firm foundation for better times.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief
WALTER S. GIFFORD, Director
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources
OWEN D. YOUNG, Chairman

Tonight, Say This to Your Wife, Then Look into Her Eyes!

"I gave a lot more than we had planned. Are you angry?"

If you should tell her that you merely "contributed"—that you gave no more than you really felt obliged to—her eyes will tell you nothing. But deep down in her woman's heart she will feel just a little disappointed—a tiny bit ashamed.

But tonight—*confess* to her that you have dug into the very bottom of your pocket—that you gave perhaps a little *more* than you could afford—that you opened not just your purse, but your heart as well.

In her eyes you'll see neither reproach nor anger. *Trust* her to understand. Trust her to appreciate the generous spirit—the good-fellowship and manly sympathy which prompted you to help give unhappy people the courage to face the coming winter with their heads held high with faith and hope.

It is true—the world *respects* the man who lives within his income. But the world *adores* the man who *gives* BEYOND his income.

No—when you tell her that you have given somewhat *more* than you had planned, you will see no censure in her eyes. But *love!* [Italics as in original.]

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief
WALTER S. GIFFORD, Director
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources
OWEN D. YOUNG, Chairman

Here is a picture of what constitutes proper giving which leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford have made their definition as clear as sunlight. Giving "beyond your income" obviously means giving until you have cut into your capital; and if you have no capital, then giving at a rate that will sooner or later land you in debt. Indeed, so grave is the unemployment crisis, that Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford advise us not only to give till "the world adores" us for our noble, if reckless, folly; but to go on giving until we have reached the highest peak of sacrifice, where we will find our reward in "the thrill of a great spiritual experience." This is the true test of right giving. On this rock Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford found that new religion of brotherhood which is at the heart of the drive.

A spiritual thrill, however, is not to be the sole reward of right giving under the Young-Gifford plan. For in another manifesto which came out in the middle of November Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford, in a playful mood, apostrophize the people of the United States as "Mr. and Mrs. John K. American," and advise them that, if they will but give with the same spirit of sacrifice with which they fought in France and went without sugar in the World War, they will "beat Old Man Depression" as they did the Germans, "and lead the way to better days."

A careful analysis of the Young-Gifford plan shows the following outstanding features. First, the plan is universal. That is to say, it applies with equal force to all classes of society, high and low. For it would be an insult to attribute to Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford, and especially to Mr. Hoover, who appointed these gentlemen, an intention to set up one standard for the rich and another for the poor. Nor could any person of average sensibility, or indeed self-respect, ask a poor man to make a sacrifice which he himself was unwilling to shoulder. Each donation is judged, not at all by its size, but by the amount of sacrifice. A gift by a poor clerk hardly able to keep his family in shoes is, therefore, greater by far than even one of millions by the possessor of a large fortune. And this sound principle President Hoover has heartily indorsed by pledging a day's salary in January, February, and March, in addition to his unostentatious contributions in California and Washington.

Second, it places no obligation to give on poor people,

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because most of them have already sacrificed up to or beyond the prescribed point. I am not familiar with conditions outside New York, but in this city you can find no man or woman who works among the poor who will not tell you that at least four-fifths of the load of helping the unemployed poor has been carried by the employed poor. One of the most impressive things about the depression is the way the poor who earn wages are sharing with their less fortunate neighbors. This, I am told, is not because they are generous or heroic, but for the simple reason that the common run of humanity hasn't the nervous resistance to watch people going under from idleness, hunger, and despair without doing something about it. Plainly, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Young, and Mr. Hoover intended that the poor should be excluded from the drive, since asking them to give to the relief fund is not merely a cruel proposal; it is a very stupid proposal, because every dollar taken from them in that way reduces by just that much what they can give and are giving directly to jobless people with whom they are in daily touch.

Unfortunately, ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, director general of the drive in New York, and ex-Supreme Court Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, one of his distinguished lieutenants, failed to post themselves on these matters, as shown by the fact that they have repeatedly advised their 17,000 canvassers to get subscriptions from every last man and woman who has employment, and, if possible, to pledge them for twenty weeks of giving. On November 18, according to the *Times,* Judge O'Brien, in a speech to canvassers, deplored the sad fact that only 200,000 out of over 2,000,000 wage-earners in New York had as yet been accorded an opportunity of sharing.

But the bright and particular beauty of the Hoover-Young-Gifford plan of correct giving is that, if it were applied, as was no doubt the hope of its framers, first to people of great wealth in the so-called "high-bracket" group, an immense relief fund could be raised without hurting anybody, and without forcing a single individual to climb more than halfway up the hill of sacrifice to which the plan points. It is true that, through some error on the part of the management, this feature of the plan was lost in the shuffle. But we cannot doubt that it was in the minds of Mr. Young, Mr. Gifford, and Mr. Hoover when, in the sessions of sweet silent thought, they were pondering their program at the White House.

In 1931, 149 income-tax returns were made in this country on incomes of over a million dollars a year, as follows:

Income Classes (thousands of dollars)	*Number of Returns*	*Net Income*
1,000 under 1,500	86	$104,978,739
1,500 under 2,000	24	40,862,820
2,000 under 3,000	21	49,450,334
3,000 under 4,000	7	24,827,473
4,000 under 5,000	3	12,907,909
5,000 and over	8	122,634,419
	149	$355,661,694

Here we have three and a half hundred millions—a considerable pan of cream from which to drain off something for the poor. In addition, 19,539 people made returns on incomes of from $50,000 to $1,000,000 a year, which incomes total $2,112,721,137. Adding these together, we have almost two and a half billions, from which quite a decent relief fund could be taken without undue hardship to the owners. To tap this reservoir of wealth would require no armies of canvassers. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Young, and Mr. Gifford, beginning with themselves naturally, and aided only by their two committees and a few actuaries, could do it within a fortnight if they wanted.

Again, as an argument for centering the drive on the high brackets, before chasing after clerks, mill hands, shop girls, and waitresses in chain restaurants, the keen minds of Hoover, Young, and Gifford must instantly have grasped the fact that it is an economic stupidity to ask money from poor people if you can get it anywhere else. What business needs most in this depression is more buying, more demand for goods, so that our farms, factories, and stores may get on their feet. Practically every cent that is taken from wage-earners for the relief fund would be used for buying if it were left in their hands. Money donated by the rich, however, especially the very rich who have large reserves awaiting investment, is in a different position. Only a little of it can be used for buying goods, since its owners can consume but a limited amount. Nor is it needed as capital for new enterprise. Capital is a drug on the market now. Consequently, the part used for unemployment relief would otherwise not be used at all until the depression subsides and its owners invest it. At which time the unemployment crisis will presumably be on the mend.

Until about the middle of October, when the drive was launched, everything went well. Relying on the President's promise that not one of them should suffer, the unemployed were anticipating winter with nothing short of delight. In fact, they were looking forward to it as the one winter in which they would all be comfortable. But apparently about this time, while Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford were down in Washington conferring with Mr. Hoover on the means of putting their plan in practice, some selfish, class-conscious persons, who wanted the wage-earners to get all the thrill and glory out of the situation, came along and started the drive hind end foremost, thus in effect wresting the opportunity of sacrifice from the rich and handing it over to the poor, who really didn't need it. Mistaken as were these betrayers of the great principle of right giving, it must be conceded that they showed a certain degree of leadership. In fact, the speed with which they organized their drive to bring the opportunity of giving to the wage-earners of 690 cities showed a leadership worthy of Napoleon.

Never in the history of this Republic, not even in the closing months of Presidential years, have the poor enjoyed so much attention. Ex-governors, ex-judges, ex-foreign princesses, ex-police commissioners, even crews of ex-beaux from ex-fashionable clubs have dogged the footsteps of the poor like hounds of heaven, appealing to their greed of glory and urging them to hog all the thrill and honor—which also might be described as "ex" now that the drive is over. In the bygone days of prosperity it was bad enough, for with their radios and silk shirts the poor were already getting somewhat above themselves. But now, by jingo, if we go on spoiling them at this rate, they'll be wanting to get asked to dinner.

Well, the poor have certainly won out. But unless Congress resorts to the noxious principle of relief by a bond issue and big taxes on the high brackets, which the drive was wisely devised to prevent, the rich will have another

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chance to get their thrill in another drive before spring. In New York City $18,000,000 has been or will have been raised by the Hoover drive. Mr. Gibson, chairman of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee, says there are 750,000 unemployed people here. The Welfare Council reported 227,000 families without means of support last August. This implies that perhaps a million and a half people are destitute, so that $18,000,000 would provide, on an average, $12 apiece. If the relief period should last 180 days, this would provide $2 per person per month. All of which proves the wisdom of setting the goal at $18,000,000. Because, while this is not enough to lower the morale of the jobless by pampering and overfeeding, it should at least suffice, as Mr. Young and Mr. Gifford tell us in a statement already quoted, to fill the unemployed with "faith and hope" during the cold weather.

Yet, in a way, the situation remains desperate. Something should be done, and done at once, toward restoring to the rich the opportunity of sharing which the Young-Gifford plan meant them to have. Otherwise, in scaling the peak of sacrifice to which the plan dedicates them, they may find themselves forced to resort to the method of the late Mark Twain and his friends in their famous ascent of the Matterhorn. On the day fixed for the high adventure the unkind elements seemed bent upon keeping Mark in the valley. The thermometer had fallen; it was uncomfortable weather for climbing. Suddenly, with characteristic common sense, the Great Mountaineer hit upon a solution. While the rest of the party toiled painfully up the height, Mark got most of the thrill, and none of the discomfort, by sitting in an arm-chair on the hotel piazza and watching them through a telescope.

Germany in the World Crisis

By JOHN ELLIOTT

Berlin, November 16

ON the ninth of November, the thirteenth birthday of the German republic, no bands played, no flags were displayed, and no fireworks were set off. German republicans shamefacedly kept still and left it to the Nationalists to mark the anniversary with jeering jibes and mocking cartoons. The only man in all Germany who ventured to make a public address praising the republic was a Socialist editor who delivered a short fifteen-minute speech from the Berlin broadcasting station. It is symptomatic of the present state of feeling that a federal-government official tried to delete a passage in the speech which tepidly extolled the republic on the ground that this tribute violated the rule barring "party politics" from the radio. General Wilhelm Gröner, who combines the ministries of Defense and Interior in the second Brüning Cabinet, was much provoked that the Prussian authorities permitted the objectionable sentences to get by, and threatened that the federal government would drastically tighten up the system of broadcasting censorship. The republican press pointed out that Gröner himself had spoken much more strongly in praise of the revolution and against the old regime during the celebration of President Hindenburg's eightieth birthday four years ago, but a great deal of water has flowed under the Spree bridges since then.

Thirteen years have elapsed since that November day when Philip Scheidemann stood on the steps of the Reichstag and proclaimed the German republic. Today only the façade of parliamentary democracy is left. Chancellor Heinrich Brüning governs with dictatorial powers far exceeding anything that Bismarck ever had at the zenith of his fame and success. Even the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* the famous German liberal newspaper, calls the present Reichstag "an agony to all concerned," and declares that if only Brüning will lay a clear program of reconstruction before the country, it will favor him as dictator, ruling unconstitutionally in defiance of parliament, if need be.

Thirteen years have gone by since the German people established a new political order, confident that by getting rid of their old masters they would obtain a just peace from the victorious Allies. And yet, after almost two decades of war, famine, blockade, inflation, reparations payments, and economic depression, Germany finds itself worse off than at any time since Jena and perhaps since the Thirty Years' War.

Four million six hundred thousand men are officially registered as unemployed, and Dr. Brüning himself is authority for the prediction that this total will probably reach the 7,000,000 mark before the end of the winter. The streets of Berlin are full of men and women hawking matches or shoestrings or begging for money. The unemployed go around singing or playing violins in the courtyards of apartment houses, in the hope that kind-hearted hearers will fling them a few coppers. Artillery caissons are often to be seen rattling through the streets, not to put down a *Putsch,* but on the peaceful mission of collecting old clothes for the destitute unemployed.

The stock exchange, save for an interval of three weeks, has been closed ever since the middle of July and is likely to stay shut until an agreement has been come to on the disposal of short-term credits held by foreigners in German banks. Yet despite this precaution and the ever-increasing restrictions on sale of foreign currency, the flow of gold and exchange abroad continues and the Reichsbank reserves today are as low as 27 per cent, compared with the former legal minimum of 40 per cent. Wages are still being slashed. Three million wage-earners—railway employees, metal workers, and municipal clerks—face the prospect of another 10 per cent cut in their pay as a result of negotiations that are now pending. A striking exception to this trend toward wage reductions was the recent refusal of an arbitrator in the Berlin metal industry to award another decrease on the ground that wages had reached their lowest possible level until retail prices were brought down.

At this moment the government's special Advisory Economic Committee, a body composed of leading representatives of capital and labor, is meeting behind closed doors in an attempt to devise measures for simultaneously lowering prices and wages so that Germany can maintain its suprem-

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acy as the world's chief exporting nation. For spurred on by the dire need of acquiring foreign exchange, Germany has supplanted in turn Great Britain and the United States in this field. During the first ten months of 1931 Germany's "favorable balance of trade" amounted to 2,358,000,000 marks, while her export surplus of 396,000,000 marks for October was the greatest in her history.

German manufacturers have been forced to dispose of their wares abroad because the buying power of the public at home has been crippled by wage cuts, salary reductions, and drastic taxation. In the Sisyphean labor of balancing the budget, the government has reduced the salaries of state officials, who constitute one of the largest classes in this country, from 10 to 20 per cent. Wage-earners must give a tithe of their pay for unemployment benefits and social-welfare charges. Salaried men pay as much as 20 per cent of their incomes in taxes, while business men are subject to a host of taxes of various kinds. Almost everything is taxed, from the goods that are sold across the shop counter to the drinks that are consumed at the cafe. But despite increased taxation, Finance Minister Dietrich estimates that the yield from the income tax for the current year will be only 2,159,000,000 marks, as compared with 3,026,000,000 marks in 1929—a shortage that will not be fully covered by the 700,000,000 marks in savings resulting from the Hoover moratorium on reparations payments.

The shops offer the most tempting bargains, but few have the means to buy them. A few years ago the housing shortage was one of the most acute problems confronting Berlin, but now there are said to be 30,000 tenantless flats in this city. The pedestrian in Unter den Linden, most famous of Berlin's boulevards, sees "To Let" signs hanging in scores of office windows.

The theaters are having a hard struggle, and a play that runs for a month is an unusual success. The Furtwängler concerts are crowded as usual with fashionable audiences, but a visit to the concerts that the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra gives on Tuesday nights at popular prices affords the alien an insight into the poverty of Berliners. In former years the Philharmonic on these evenings used to be jammed with Berlin music lovers who could not afford to go to the Furtwängler or Bruno Walter concerts, but were glad to hear the great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, and Schubert performed by an outstanding orchestra for the cheap admission price of twenty-five cents. Today on Tuesday evenings the hall is barely half full. In fact, Berlin runs some danger of losing its admirable symphony orchestra, for the finances of the German capital are so straitened that the city fathers are contemplating omitting the usual subsidy for the maintenance of the Philharmonic.

And yet, despite the innumerable deprivations to which the German people have had to submit, the Chancellor made the grim promise in a recent speech that still more burdens would have to be fastened on the people's backs. "This will be the hardest winter yet," Dr. Brüning prophesied with characteristic candor. Is it any wonder that the German people are saying to themselves, "Better an end with terror than terror without an end," and turning to the panaceas of Adolf Hitler as the only remaining solution?

Every state and municipal election held this autumn—Hamburg, Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and now Hesse—has shown that the smaller bourgeois parties are gradually being exterminated and that their former adherents are rushing in flocks into the triumphant Hitler camp. In every one of these elections the National Socialists made astonishing gains as compared with their vote in the Reichstag elections of September, 1930—phenomenal as this was considered to be at the time. In Mecklenburg, for instance, the Nazis increased their poll by 67 per cent and in Hesse by far more than 100 per cent. There is little doubt that if a general election were to be held tomorrow, the National Socialists would obtain the largest popular vote.

The prolonged economic depression has had the effect of dividing Germany, with the exception of the Catholic Center, into two hostile camps. Most of the middle and upper classes are united in the National Socialist Party, while the working classes support the Socialist and Communist parties. The Socialists, hitherto the largest party in the state, have lost a large part of their following in consequence of the unpopular policy of "tolerating" Brüning to stave off a "fascist dictatorship." But the bulk of the Socialist dissidents have gone not right to the Hitlerites, but farther left to the Communists. A year ago an alliance between the Socialists and Communists would have been regarded as an utter impossibility, but under the growing menace of the Nazi dictatorship overtures for a working cooperation are being made behind the scenes by some of the leaders of the two Socialist parties.

The average German of the middle classes holds that trade-union rule through the Socialist Party is largely to blame for the trials and tribulations of his country today. This point of view is illogical but it is comprehensible. Millions of Germans recall the prosperity of the old empire and contrast it with the misery under the republic. They never pause to reflect that it was the political irresponsibility of the Hohenzollern system of government that plunged the German people into their present disasters. Instead, the "Weimar coalition," which has ruled the Reich through its hold on Prussia since the inception of the republic, is held accountable for the nation's ills and has become an object of loathing to masses of Germans.

The indictment against the republican parties is twofold. First, they are accused of having played France's game by accepting all sorts of impossible agreements, including the Dawes and Young plans and the Locarno treaties, and so of having saddled the Treaty of Versailles on the country for a long time to come. Secondly, they are charged with having made business prosperity impossible by imposing excessive tax burdens on industry to support an elaborate welfare system and to provide "doles" and unproductive work for the unemployed.

This state of feeling is being very cleverly exploited by the German industrialists both at home and abroad to further their own interests. This accounts for their financing of the Hitler party, in which they see an admirable instrument for breaking up the power of organized labor. Leading German capitalists like Fritz Thyssen attempt to win sympathy abroad for a future government of the "National Opposition" by arguing that "Marxian extravagance" and wasteful Socialist borrowing have made the country bankrupt. This, of course, is the pet thesis of the former Reichsbank president, Hjalmar Schacht. These gentlemen never mention in their speeches the industrial scandals of Favag, Nordwolle, and Schultheiss. The criminal speculations of the directors of

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these huge concerns and the failure of the German banks properly to supervise their transactions did far more to undermine the confidence of the German people in the soundness of their financial institutions than any extravagance on the part of Socialist ministers. It was the crash of the Nordwolle, in fact, that led directly to the closing of the Darmstädter und National Bank, which precipitated the financial crash in this country last July.

The division of the German people on class lines would be unfortunate, even if it were confined to legitimate political activities. But a kind of civil war is being waged today by these modern Guelfs and Ghibellines. The battle on the occasion of the review of 75,000 storm troopers by Hitler in Brunswick, when barricades were erected in the streets and Brownshirts went through the workers' quarters smashing windows, attracted attention abroad because of its dramatic background. But it was typical of what is going on in Germany. Foreign correspondents in Berlin never bother to cable home accounts of the bloody clashes between political opponents in which almost every day one or two persons are killed and a score or so wounded, for such incidents have long ceased to constitute news.

The symbol of national unity today in Germany is President Hindenburg. The principal barrier in the way of National Socialist rule with its threat of civil war is the present government, of which the Chancellor is the President's protege and the Reichswehr Minister, Gröner, is his old comrade-in-arms. Brüning's fate will be decided by developments between now and the end of February when the *Stillhaltung* agreement on foreign short-term credits still held in this country expires. More specifically, his future will be decided when it is seen how France, to whom President Hoover has left the initiative in the reparations question, uses her tremendous power and unique opportunity. The pending discussions between France and Germany will probably be the last chance to make the Locarno policy, inaugurated by Stresemann and Briand so hopefully six years ago, a reality. So Francophile a politician as Rudolf Breitscheid, the foreign-policy spokesman of the Social Democrats, warned the French in a speech a few days ago that a misuse of their power now would destroy all possibility of future cooperation between the two countries.

Berlin fears that France may seek to employ its financial power in extorting from Germany, in one form or another, a pledge that it will never, over a period of years, agitate for revision of the Polish corridor or the peace treaty. If Brüning ever dared to consent to this, he would sign his political death warrant. For practically all parties are agreed on the necessity of an ultimate revision of the Reich's frontiers in the east.

Failing a workable agreement between France and Germany over reparations, Brüning's doom is sealed in February when the Reichstag is to reassemble. The advent of the National Socialists into the government, probably in coalition with the right wing of the Catholic Center Party, would then be inevitable. Already the possibilities of such an alliance have been vigorously discussed in the press, and though for the time being the alliance has been repudiated by the Catholic leaders, the idea lurks in the background as a political eventuality. A German government controlled in part by the Hitlerites would not, of course, mean war with France or any other country. But it certainly would rule out the possibility of anything useful resulting from the labors of the joint Franco-German economic commission which have just been commenced. It would mean the death of the Locarno policy simply through the distrust that a German government run by Nazis and Steel Helmet members would inspire on the other side of the Rhine.

What I Believe*

By ROSE MACAULAY

MAN being deluded and curtained from truth all his days, and mocked by error from his cradle to his grave, what does it boot for him to declare, in so many thousands, or hundreds, of words, that which he believes? For be sure that what he believes will be as nonsensical as that which he doubts; in any case, I am sure that so it is with me. Deceived by myself and continually deluded by others, I must needs—as Sir Thomas Browne so aptly declares—be stuffed with errors and overrun with falsities; for we are all "within the line of Vulgarity, and Democratical enemies of truth."

Nevertheless, we must and do believe this and that; we must, here and there, trust the opinions of others, or even of our own selves. For my part, I am a great believer. I believe—for they have always told me so—that the earth is an oblate spheroid which circles most curiously round and round a great nebulous, burning creature in space. I believe—for they now tell me so, and who am I that I should question it?—that this space curves; I believe it, but I know not what it means. I believe, one after the other, all those peculiar statements made to us about the universe which we appear to inhabit—appear, I say, for I know not if there be any truth in this notion that we exist, or inhabit anywhere. I do not know, but I accept and believe. It does me no good to consider it all over-much, for my brain reels and turns giddy at the contemplation of space, universes, stars, eternity, and the like; the extraordinary doings in the heavens quite overset my frail intelligence. I turn from them with pleasure to "this orchard-plot of earth, floating unknown, far away in unfathomed space, with its moon and its meadows."

I am willing to accept the odd hypothesis that, however we got here, here we are, dwelling precariously with the other animals on our oblate sphere, our orchard-plot; somewhat tragically—albeit also farcically—entangled in a mesh of affairs, of relationships, of meetings, partings, loves, hates, laughters, tears, excitements, strivings, dark and bright imaginations, dreams, lusts, passions, anguishes, and joys. But really, when asked what do you believe about it all, I am hard put to it what to reply. The Greek philosophers and

* The fifth of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. Others will appear in subsequent issues.—Editor The Nation.

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the Roman, the Hebrew poets and the Syriac, the Christian Fathers, the medieval scholastics, the great preachers, the natural and the political scientists, the theologians, physicists, biologists, moralists, economists, poets, and doctrinaires, of all countries and of all times, have not hesitated nor scrupled to declare nobly and eloquently what they believed; but who am I, that I should have the face to believe anything, and to say so? Nevertheless, human beings, however puny, uninstructed, or obscure, have always claimed to themselves this right, and have ever piped shrilly into the ears of their unheeding fellows their little creeds.

Well, then, I will pipe mine. I am encouraged in this articulation by having just heard H. G. Wells, in whom I do certainly believe, saying over the ether that those who can give no answer to the inquiry, what would they do with the world if they were dictators, are not fit to vote at elections. Alas, I can give no such answer, and have always been aware that I do not deserve a vote.

Still, I have a few beliefs. I believe, for instance, that ignorance, vulgarity, and cruelty are the three black jungle horrors which have always beset and entangled man, and hindered him from rising even higher above the apes than he has yet done. Ignorance, that brutish stupidity which, content in its own indolent and know-nothing apathy, its imbecile and irrational beliefs, accepts without interest and without inquiry the hard-won results of the intellectual strivings of the few, or, worse, rejects these with ridicule or inane contempt—it is this stupidity and ignorance that has, from the beginnings of the human tragi-comedy upon our planet, wrecked truth, stoned and burned the truth-tellers, suffered delusion gladly, flung old women into flames for witches, gone on its way indolently, bound in its own indifference and sloth, like the other brutes that perish. Throw mankind a new and strange idea, an idea that is counter to its habits, traditions, or what not, and the majority will claw and chaw it to pieces in stupid anger, derision, fear, or contempt, as wild beasts will tear any strange object flung into their den.

A minority will, on the other hand, seize it and toy with it, making themselves foolish with adulation of a thing they do not understand, but only relish because it is new and strange; they will swear by it, though they lack the means to know if it is precious or worthless, true or false. And only a very tiny fraction of mankind will understand a new thing and accept or reject it with their reasons. As to that, it is only the few who understand even the old things. It is very obvious that no one understands enough of political science to make a good society of states, enough political economy to preserve countries and societies from ruin, enough about life to make others happy or themselves, or even to discover what life is, and why. We are ignorant of our own natures, of our destinies, our origins, and our position in the universe. We cannot even manage and tame this unruly globe upon which we so precariously exist; ruin and famine skulk perpetually like ghosts at our feasts; the sword of war ever hangs on a thread above our heads, and, ignorantly and wantonly, we cut the thread.

All we can say of men's ignorance is that some men are less ignorant than other men. And it must, I fear, be admitted that the bulk of women are, and have always been, even more ignorant than the bulk of men. Certainly far less well instructed, in the past, by their educators and by life; certainly also, I think, less intelligent. Some say that this will mend in time; others say no, that it never will quite mend, since women have the poorer brains. This is probably so. After all, women are physically less and frailer in every part and capacity, and it is not likely that the brain should be excepted. Let it be admitted that the female sex in humanity is the less tough and robust, mentally, nervously, and physically, the less fitted to endure strain and hardness, to create, to initiate, to organize, and to perform. The stupidity of such women as have received little learning is a heavy retarding weight on the world's progress. The stupidity and ignorance of most mothers: these are even greater than the stupidity and ignorance of most fathers, and this is to say a great deal.

Closely allied to human stupidity is human vulgarity. Our cheap, silly, common, sentimental outlook; our aptitude for listening to and approving trash, cant, and coarseness; our love of the short and facile way; our tolerance of the popular claptrap press, popular claptrap oratory, popular claptrap literature and art; our instinctive taste, furtive or admitted, for the ugly, the gross, the coarse; our boredom with erudition or abstruse knowledge; our inaptness to mark and marvel at beauty; our devastating of the lovely face of earth with our atrocious edifices; our gossip, our scandal-mongering, our lewd uncivilization; what forces are these, against which climbing humanity has to contend! Strange enough it is that, in the same race of mammal bipeds, this stupid, barbarous vulgarity should thrive side by side with learning, wit, civilization, philosophy, beauty, poetry, art, science, genius, generosity, nobility, courage, elegance, and the highest dreams of the imagination. Strange indeed, but so it is.

How reconcile these opposites? How bring the vulgar up to the plane of the fine? The vulgar human being, I mean, and also the vulgarian who lurks in even the highest and the finest individuals? Here is, indeed, a task for the enterprising social reformer—to intellectualize and to refine barbarity.

A cultivated, intelligent, and generous democracy—this was Aristotle's ideal, and it is, I suppose, ours; only Aristotle had more hope than we have that it might be attainable. For even if we could all be raised, by instruction, out of ignorance and out of vulgarity, it would take more than instruction to raise us out of cruelty. The cruelty of the savage, which drives us in crowds to see men and women tortured and burnt to death in the market place; which lately enough drove the majority, and today drives enough to suggest that it may be but lack of the provision of such shows—at least in most civilized countries—which keeps the majority from witnessing them; a suggestion which is hideously borne out by the herding of gloating mobs outside the walls of places of execution when some wretched criminal is dragged to his doom. The public cannot now witness this fine sport, but many of them press as near to it as is permitted, licking their lips over the imagination of it.

Then there is the cruelty, also of the savage, which derides any difference from the tribe, which stares and smiles at physical or mental oddity; the cruelty of the strong to the helpless, the man to the beast, the adult to the child, the rich to the poor; the cruelty of negligence, no less than that of deliberation—what has ever eradicated, or will ever eradicate, all this? All one can say of it is that it has de-

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creased, and does, indeed, appear to be decreasing, among the more civilized portions of the human race. No longer, except in the savage lands of Russia, Poland, and those other European states which lie to eastward, fringing our more humane complacency with the deadly, cynical nonchalance of their primitive ferocities, no longer do we in Europe allow public executions and torture. No longer do we flog men and women to death, set them in pillories, drown, burn, quarter, rack, break them on the wheel. When rumors reach us of the somewhat ferocious unkindnesses perpetrated by races less gentle, we are startled and shocked, we organize rescues and protests, we compile reports, we term "atrocities" what our ancestors took for granted as necessary penal severities. No longer do we hang children, incarcerate misdemeanants in gaols where rats companion them and slime oozes from the walls; we make provision for poverty and age; any child left like a dropped package in the streets is sure of care; we have homes for strayed dogs and cats. Yes, we are certainly advanced in humanity. Yet still we are cruel; still we let people want when we can give; still we take one another's lives, purses, reputations, for our pleasure; there are still those who inflict pain for the joy it gives them.

What is the cure for the world? Education, we glibly say, and proceed to capture infants and pour this medicine down their reluctant throats. But too often it is medicine of small potency administered by physicians of small skill, who lack the power either to make up their prescriptions well, or to see that they are palatable, so that they prove of little profit enough to the imbiber. How fortify a human being against ignorance or vulgarity by telling him that Lisbon is the capital of Portugal, and that 11 times 12 is 132? How teach him to understand the excitement of history by reading to him an account of the tedious enactments of foolish parliaments long dissolved, of foolish monarchs long fallen into deserved and tragical deaths? How cleave the magic paths into literature through the somewhat unillumined minds and unmelodious, ugly accents of its average teachers? It is possible, also, that education through books is not profitable to all minds, and that many children would evolve more pleasingly if taught only to use their hands, to read the stars, to tend animals and grow plants, or to work machinery. Does it necessarily refine and raise their intelligences to know some of the more prominent facts in the history of men, to be able to do the rule of three, to write and read words on paper? Consider to what vulgarities they would be perforce oblivious could they, for instance, not read words at all. There is quite a case against universal schooling; but I think a stronger case for it.

Some will say that it is all a matter of finding the right mode of education and that we should be perpetually casting about to see what will work. Others will say that education of whatsoever nature has its strict limits, and cannot do more for a human being than the human being's limitations, disposition, intelligence, and natural bias will permit, and that it is, after all, the character with which men come into the world that counts.

Others, again, regard religion as the tonic medicine for the world. And, indeed, so it well might be, were more people apt at this difficult endeavor of the spirit. Religion in history has achieved tremendous things. It has purified lives; turned brains; made revolutions and wars; overturned kingdoms; drenched continents in blood; reared cathedrals to heaven; sent adventurers to the ends of the earth; shut them in cells for life; furthered, preserved, and cramped education; obstructed science; stimulated and hindered literature; swept like a wind over communities, swaying them like grass; set martyrs aflame—which entailed two fiery convictions, that of those who lit the flames and that of those who walked into them; freed slaves; delivered the oppressed; drowned souls in prayer and mystic illumination; made death seem sweet, seem terrible, seem nothing; broken beauty in pieces; imposed intolerable systems on men; stung them to splendid visions; veiled the stars; lit the heavens. What religion will effect in any given individual, society, or emergency is always, until it has been tried, an unanswered riddle. The trouble with religion is that, like liquids, it is apt to take the shape of the vessels into which it is poured; it settles into a man's being as a lake lies between its banks, molded by the shape and limits of his brain, temperament, and physique. The religion assimilated by one man will assume an entirely different form, and have utterly different results, from the religion of another, even if it starts by being the same religion—as the history of religion has always shown. Compare, for instance, the Christianity of Christ with that of Torquemada, of Cotton Mather, of the vision-seeing monks and nuns, of the modern fundamentalists of the American Middle West. Religion can do no more for a man than the man will permit it to do.

Religion at its best is a force for good beyond calculation; but how often is it at its best, as absorbed by the human race? What part should and will this strange, tremendous force play in civilization? All I can say I believe about this is that it should be given its chance, and that it might take it and help to stand between man and the wreckage of his world. It might, and it should, be on the side of the poor and the oppressed; of virtue, freedom, courage, intelligence, unselfishness, ethical progress, and peace; of learning, culture, decency, and civilization. But in what form it should be taught and delivered, this is too difficult a riddle for me to guess.

The approach of humanity to its gods is a delicate business, all too easily coarsened and mechanized, once it tries to express itself outside the silent communings of the soul, and outside the treading of that funambulatory path of virtue which the soul believes to be enjoined. Religion is a two-edged weapon; it can do more good and more harm than almost any other one thing. Properly understood, assimilated, and followed, Christianity might still redeem the world; muffled, distorted, and warped to men's desires, capacities, and limitations as it has been, it seems to offer small hope. Here seems a matter for the churches, and for religious believers outside the churches, to take drastically in hand.

Meanwhile, what of the night? Our watchmen can tell us little, except that it looks black. Possibly they are too much addicted to regarding mainly the darkness. For my part, I see, on our lovely orchard-plot, with its meadows and its moon, its genius and its dreams, its gaiety and its abundance of human good-will, its valiant, adventuring, and amused humanity, enough light for hope to travel by. After all, what a spectacle is this, to which we are all admitted free! I believe that it is an entertainment worth our grave and deeply interested attention.

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Call Off the Tariff War!

By CORDELL HULL

WORLD peace in the present age depends largely upon the sort of economic policies maintained by the important nations. Economic control means military control in the end. To establish military peace we must first establish economic peace, and this latter step is a prerequisite to extensive and permanent disarmament. The world today, under American leadership throughout the past ten years, is in a virtual state of economic war. There can be no real progress toward confidence, genuine friendly relations, or permanent peace while retaliations and bitter controversies continue to rage. Nor can this country under these conditions count upon permanent stable business and immunity from frequently recurring panics.

In vain have some of us repeatedly warned the American people during the past ten years of the utter folly of pursuing narrow pre-war trade policies like the prohibitive tariff—policies which have become entirely academic since we have become a great creditor nation with an overproductive capacity of twenty to twenty-five billions of dollars. Who could well imagine a more shortsighted and disastrous economic policy for us than that of high tariffs, which naturally afford great artificial stimulation to domestic production and at the same time impose the severest restrictions upon trade among nations?

Since the introduction of the income tax, the demand for high tariffs has been mainly based on considerations of protection. No one would urge tariff taxation from the standpoint of equity, because it is essentially a class tax. No one would urge it to reduce transportation costs, because it substantially increases such costs. No one would urge it as a means of encouraging export trade, because it seriously obstructs export trade. No one would urge it as a means of reducing domestic production costs, because it materially increases such costs. No one would urge it in reduction of living costs, because it boosts living costs. No one would urge it as a means of promoting fair and friendly trade methods and practices, because it invites or challenges trade reprisals and retaliations. No one would urge it as an aid to the payment of debts owed to us, with interest, because it seriously obstructs such payments. No one would urge it except those who would increase the prices of their own products. Even the chief beneficiaries are not so enamored of high tariffs as honestly to approve tariff protection for materials they must purchase, and they strangely reject the principle whenever it adds to the cost of their raw materials.

In the face of such pre-war high-tariff shibboleths as "protection is panic proof," and "high tariffs are a guaranty of prosperity"—a guaranty of high wages, high living standards, and steady employment of both labor and capital, and a sure cure for agricultural ills—we see the exports of our great surplus-producing agricultural industry at the lowest ebb since 1914, prior to the enactment of the Underwood tariff; we see mining on its back; 6,500,000 laborers—or with their families 20,000,000—indefinitely out of employment, and 2,000 factories erected abroad, while billions of gold and credit remain idle in this country. The world's trade is $240,000,000,000 less than it would have been under the pre-war rate of increase.

Of course one would not ascribe these disastrous and destructive conditions entirely to our policy of super-protection and its hurtful effects upon industry and foreign trade. It is fair, however, to charge that our high-tariff policy is the greatest single underlying factor. The more unthinking element clings blindly to the notion that, because pre-war high tariffs were not charged with the chief responsibility for panic conditions, such a charge cannot now be logically made. Those who still profess this view typify the blind and dumb leaders who after the war shouted for 100 per cent "economic nationalism," and who continued thus to shout until within thirty seconds of the breaking of the great panic in October, 1929. This brand of economic thought has been in control of our government and has furnished the nation its leadership since 1920. Is it not high time that the American people should halt and take stock especially of their economic policies and leadership?

The Fordney tariff act was intended to be as nearly prohibitive as possible of all imports in the minutest degree competitive. All staple commodities of this class have thus enjoyed a virtual embargo during recent years. Since our people during the post-war period have been bent on luxuries, semi-luxuries, and curios, and have ransacked the earth for them ever since 1920, along with special designs, patterns, styles, and samples which the rich insist upon purchasing, tariffs or no tariffs, there is and for some years has been more or less importation of this class of dutiable goods. These, together with imports of sugar, wool, and certain other products not produced here in sufficient quantities, have comprised virtually the only dutiable imports into this country during the past ten years. The Hawley revision, which was an upward revision, piling Pelion on Ossa, embraced items of import comprising more than $917,664,294, or two-thirds of our total dutiable imports for 1928, amounting to $1,573,000,000. Many of the Hawley-Smoot rates, as in the case of certain cotton and woolen fabrics, were intended to shut out competitive fabrics of special designs, even though the import price of the latter was considerably higher than the home price of our comparable domestic fabrics. Other rates related to agriculture, and in most instances were purely paper rates intended, as in the past, to fool the farmer. Still other rates were intended to stop cracks and crevices in our tariff wall, especially in cases of remote and speculative competition.

The principal Treasury receipts under the Fordney act were, in the order named, from sugar, tobacco, wool and cotton manufactures, unmanufactured wool, silk manufactures, chemicals, pottery, flax and rayon manufactures, glass, and so on. At least 75 per cent of the total duties obtained under the Fordney act averaged more than 55 per cent ad valorem. These amazing tariff heights have been greatly increased by the Hawley-Smoot act. I dare say that for the calendar year 1931 the entire rates of this tariff law will average around 55 per cent—which is almost unbelievable in the present modern age. If, in this wild orgy of constant

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tariff increases, other nations, bitterly resenting our policy of endeavoring to sell but refusing to buy in return, in retaliation or in self-defense are raising their rates to absurd heights, we have our own conduct chiefly to thank.

Our present tariff and much of our commercial policy are based upon the Fordney-McCumber act of 1922 and the Hawley-Smoot revision. Its primary, indeed its only, purpose is to safeguard American producers against competition in the American market. It is true that, for the benefit of exporters, Section 317 was incidentally inserted in the Fordney act, carrying a threat of penal tariff retaliation as the only means of enforcing our newly proclaimed doctrine of "equality of trade" expressed in the unconditional most-favored-nation clause in our newer commercial treaties. Ours, therefore, is a defensive commercial policy, to which a paradoxical touch is given by the presence in the tariff act of eleven discriminatory provisions which fly in the face of the "equality-of-treatment" doctrine.

The Fordney tariff law and its Hawley revision give our government no authority to negotiate or enter into any sort of reciprocal tariff agreements or arrangements, either general or special, involving tariff concessions or reductions. The policy of both laws is to maintain intact the existing tariff schedules, regardless of the foreign-trade opportunities and advantages that might be derived from the rationalization of our tariffs and reciprocal tariff-concession agreements. Numerous nations during recent years have followed our leadership in the erection of extreme high tariffs, while many others have taken the same steps in retaliation against us, with the result that tariff barriers today constitute the outstanding impediments to legitimate and desirable international trade. The major portion of our exports after 1921 were only made possible by our foreign loans of some seventeen billions of dollars, while the world's trade is scarcely more than one-half the amount that its normal growth would have constituted, had not this growth been interrupted by the war and the ensuing commercial policies.

It is astonishing to note that world trade for 1931, adjusted to 1913 prices, will be below the level for 1913, eighteen years ago. The trade of the United States, according to the present rate of decline, will likewise be below the 1913 figures.

The people must rid themselves of the high-tariff fallacy that imports displace to a serious or damaging extent domestic production, and understand that the outstanding purpose of international trade is a mutually profitable exchange of surplus commodities. Every informed person knows that there is a large range of desirable or necessary commodities the production of which is not economically justifiable, or which are produced in wholly minor quantities compared with home-consumption demands. Can any position be more absurd or suicidal than that of America, with its immense surpluses, demanding the privilege of invading the markets of all other nations and selling in competition with their home industries, and at the same time insisting upon the privilege of an embargo tariff at home that will shut out the chief portion of commodities either not competitive at all or not seriously competitive?

Those favoring the present extreme protective policy dismiss foreign trade with the remark that it only amounts to an average of 8 per cent or 10 per cent of our total home production. This is scarcely a half-truth, though it has deceived millions of people. How does this claptrap impress the cotton grower, who must export and sell abroad from 50 to 60 per cent of his production? How does it impress our wheat grower, who must export 25 per cent of his production; our rye grower, who exports 53 per cent; our tobacco grower, who exports 40 per cent; our lard producer, who exports 30 per cent; our producer of petroleum products, who exports 30 to 35 per cent; our automobile manufacturers, who must export 500,000 and more cars; the coal industry, the machinery, leather, furniture, copper, oil, lumber, silk and woolen textiles, medium and coarser cotton textiles, shoes, cement, naval stores, paints, many chemicals, lead, rubber manufactures, electrical machinery, tools, books, and a long list of other great industries which produce surpluses on an increasing scale? Americans saw cotton plunge down to a level of seven cents a pound during the awful war days of 1914, when the foreign markets were cut off. They have more recently seen our cotton slump to a still lower level on account of the collapse of foreign markets. The automobile industry, the wheat, and the vast number of other surplus-producing industries in this country, which prior to the present panic were told that our exports, averaging only 8 to 10 per cent, were of no consequence, now realize to their great sorrow that the slump in our foreign markets has resulted in depression unrivaled in our history.

When hired speakers or other uninformed persons shout to the American people that high tariffs protect the wages and living standards of our more than 30,000,000 wage-earners, they should say of less than 5,000,000 of our wage-earners; and these are only potential tariff beneficiaries for the reasons just stated. Among these high-tariff beneficiaries are not included the tens of millions of wage-earners in the coal, copper, and most other mines, on railroads and steamships, in the building and engineering trades, in telephone and other utility occupations, in the professions, in printing, in most of agriculture, in the automobile industry, and in dozens of other great industries patently deriving no net tariff benefits.

Nothing could be more false and misleading than the out-of-date and always hypocritical cry that the products of "ignorant, pauper labor" from other countries would pour into America under a policy of moderate tariffs. Strange, however, to relate, the Fordney act and other high-tariff enactments were secured under the pretense that American agriculture and other industries were being overwhelmed with just such products from abroad, when the truth was that our excess of exports over imports for the four years 1919-22 was $9,600,000,000. For 1920 our agricultural exports, excluding forest products, exceeded imports by $731,000,000, whereas imports today actually exceed exports. American agriculture as a whole has been fundamentally worse off each year since it was first loaded up heavily with every kind of paper tariff in 1921 and 1922, to say nothing of the new batch of additional rates, chiefly paper rates, later piled on through the Hawley-Smoot act. Though manufacturers in 1929 were able to sell abroad articles of manufacture either in whole or in part in the amount of more than $3,000,000,000, while imports of dutiable finished manufactures only amounted to $595,000,000, the blind forces of reaction continue to cry out for high tariffs "to protect American labor."

In order to restore permanent stable business conditions it is necessary among other things to increase the prices in world markets of primary commodities such as cotton, rub-

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ber, wheat, raw silk, tin, copper, etc. To this end and for the many other reasons stated, there should be launched under American leadership a threefold movement, first, gradually to bring down tariff walls here and everywhere to a moderate and competitive level and to restore a healthy international trade in these and other commodities. A permanent world economic conference could accomplish much in developing a spirit of moderate tariffs and a liberal commercial policy; it might also in many instances bring about agreements eliminating by mutual consent unfair trade methods and practices which are productive of economic strife.

Secondly, there should be a plan to reduce tariffs by commercial treaties with two or more countries, in return for reciprocal reductions, with the unconditional favored-nation doctrine made as nearly as possible the basis. This would gradually bring down many tariff rates the world over.

In the third place, the American Congress and the legislative bodies of other countries, under our leadership, should according to their own separate and independent judgment proceed at once with the readjustment downward of rates unjustifiably high and even the repeal of others where there is no competition, with a level of moderate or competitive rates and a liberal, fair, and friendly commercial policy as the ultimate objectives.

Kidnapping in Council Bluffs

By POWERS HAPGOOD

ALTHOUGH there seems to be a lull in the deportations of the foreign-born by the Department of Labor, another form of deportation is increasing. In various cities throughout the country opponents of the existing economic system are being "taken for a ride." Not only are the authorities failing to stop this, but in some cases they are apparently conniving with the mob.

In early November I was in Omaha, speaking at the district convention of the Nebraska State Teachers Association. The newspapers carried stories of the kidnapping and severe beating of two Communist organizers, George Papcun and Gordon Burroughs, in Council Bluffs, just across the river from Omaha. Most of the papers referred to these kidnappings as "deportations." Papcun had been arrested and charged with disturbing the peace at a town-council meeting when he made a speech criticizing the administration of relief work. At a late hour on the night of his arrest he was released on his own recognizance and fell immediately into the hands of the mob that was waiting in front of the police station. He was taken out into the country, beaten and wounded severely, dumped into the road, and warned never to return. Five days later, when he spent the night at the hotel with me in Omaha, I saw four ugly knife wounds in his body and numerous bruises which he had received on his "ride." After the mob had left Papcun in the country, they returned to Council Bluffs and burned the property of the local Trade Union Unity League.

The Omaha *World-Herald* said editorially:

> It is possible, of course, that the police did not hear Papcun's single cry for help. It is possible that a man might have been seized by fourteen men on a principal street and in front of the police station, without police knowing anything was amiss. It is possible that offices, also on a principal street corner, might have been looted by the same or a larger gang, and a fire started, without leaving any clues. But it is highly improbable. The greater probability is that a great many people know the names of the conspirators, that the "inside story" is being told all about town, and that a sincere investigator could learn all the facts in a very short time. If that is the case, it is the plain duty of the officers of the law to bring the kidnappers to trial.

The night following Papcun's abduction, Gordon Burroughs, a former school teacher, was aroused from sleep in Council Bluffs by a tear-gas bomb thrown into his room and was forced to the street in his night clothes. He was thrown into an automobile by a mob whom he described as American legionnaires and was given an even more severe beating than Papcun. He also was warned not to return to the town.

Statements from these two men, reported in the press, said that they would speak on Saturday noon in Bayliss Park in the center of Council Bluffs. Papcun was quoted as saying that he would address the meeting whether he "left it alive or dead."

I knew that in spite of the forty newly deputized vigilantes and the threats of arrest George Papcun would speak. I dug coal in the same place with him in a Pennsylvania mine five years ago, and we worked together in the United Mine Workers. On Saturday noon I stood with about a thousand others in Bayliss Park waiting for him to appear. Suddenly he began to speak from a park bench. The crowd gathered closer from all parts of the park. It was on the whole a sympathetic crowd. He began to read a prepared speech dealing with the disregard for law of his opponents and the failure of the authorities to give Communists any protection. After he had been reading for about ten minutes he was arrested by the police and taken to jail.

I followed in a taxi. On reaching the jail I went to the desk and asked to bail George Papcun. I was referred to Chief Detective Brown, who took me to see Chief of Police Gillaspy. They both asked why I was interested in Papcun, and finally the Chief said the bail would be $100 and told me to return at five o'clock and he would accept the money. I went to an outer office and sat for a few minutes thinking how I could raise the necessary amount, since I had only part of it. While I sat there, Detective Brown motioned for me to come to the desk, and said to a policeman, "Book this man for investigation."

After relieving me of my money and letters, they put me into the bull pen, where there were three others who had been arrested at the meeting. These others had no money, being unemployed, and were held on vagrancy charges. A few minutes later I was taken downstairs by another officer to be photographed. It seemed impossible that this portly officer could be serious when he hung a large five-figure number across my chest to appear in the picture. After "mug-

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ging" me, as the officer called it, he took my fingerprints, making sixteen separate prints of each finger and thumb, every one of which I had to sign. The next step was for me to strip, so that the officer could see if I had any scars.

While all this was going on, the policeman asked me questions as to my interest in Papcun. When I said I was interested in civil liberties and free speech, he said, "Free speech, hell! What they ought to do with these Communist —— —— is to take 'em out and string 'em up. There're too many citizens of this town who sacrificed in the World War to let those bastards run loose." When he learned of my arrests at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, he thought I was indeed a criminal, and said to Detective Brown, "Why, this fellow has a long record."

After this grilling I was again taken upstairs. A local reporter, a member of the vigilantes, posing as a police officer, took me to an inner office and questioned me. A few minutes later two lawyers appeared, offering to get me released for twenty-five dollars. I told them that I had not done anything to get into jail and that I would not pay a fee to get out. An hour later I was told by Chief Gillaspy I was free to go.

I hurried to Omaha and secured the bail money. George Papcun and I left the police station together. There had been no charges against me, nor was there any explanation as to why my picture now hangs in the rogues' gallery.

In the Driftway

FROM Vancouver the Drifter is in receipt of a letter almost as old as that of Patience Wise, which he published a while ago. This one was written from Houston, Texas, April 8, 1841, and he has every reason to believe it bona fide.

> My Dear Sir: . . . In respect to land claims nothing can be done towards selling them, and I hold it unnecessary to locate at present, as the land would scarcely sell for as much as it would cost to locate. . . . I administered since my return on an estate and the appraisers valued unlocated claims as follows: 321 acres for $15, 1,140 for $25, 1,280 for $35. Located lands they valued at five and ten cents per acre when all costs had been paid and which in some instances was less than the cost of locating. . . . I think some advantage may result by holding up the claims as the extreme west is soon likely to be brought into market and I think lands will be valuable in that region at some future day. . . . We all live in hopes of a brighter prospect this fall. There will be sufficient of cotton raised this year to equalize exchange. Every farmer is planting cotton and at present they have corn and bacon enough to last two years. We have little or no distress in the country. Our town loafers and gentlemen living by office or upon their wits are the great complainers. Everything relative to our country now bears a pleasing prospect. We apprehend no longer any danger of invasion by the Mexicans—they are very much afraid that we shall be the invaders. The Indians are some little troublesome upon the frontiers and they get a regular drubbing every month—five men recently killed near Austin where they have for years past been very troublesome in stealing horses, which appears more their object than killing people.

TO this informed and sensible outlook on affairs, which included, as the reader will have noted, an all-too-handsomely fulfilled prophecy of the war with Mexico which was to take place in five years or so, the letter-writer added a note on one of the more famous politicians of the day and one of the heroes of Texas:

> Our electioneering campaign for President is now coming on and a little more life prevails in consequence. From every indication I believe the people will reelect General "Sam" Houston—'tis to be lamented that our country should elect such a drunken sot to fill the important station when a sober and a better man can be had, but such I fear will be the case. [That is] should he live, but his health is bad in consequence of dissipation. Coming from Austin some five weeks since, he fell into the Colorado and was near being drowned. And 'tis said the fish about Bastrop have been drunk ever since. He also but a few days since fell into the Bayou near here and narrowly escaped. Such is the man that the grog shops delight to honor.

* * * * *

THE inhabitants of Texas delighted to honor him, too, evidently, despite his fondness for near drowning, for in 1841 he was for the second time elected President—of the Republic of Texas, and was most assiduous in filling that office. Since those bold days, however, the Drifter is glad to report that our electorate has improved, and we never choose as President of any of our republics a man who has ever been the cause of inebriety among fish. We exercise the franchise with care these days, and the results justify our efforts.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Help for Marion Strikers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It has been two years since the Marion strike ended so disastrously for the workers, but even yet the workers are suffering persecution from the courts because of their strike activity. We have formed a Defense Committee in Marion to try to help the families of those who have been given sentences by the court.

At the June term of court Leon Moore, nineteen years old, charged with dynamiting a house during the strike, was given a sentence of five to seven years. He had no lawyer, so the judge appointed one who did nothing to defend the boy. Two other boys, George Styles and Bob Perkins, were given a year on the road for the same charge of dynamiting. In none of these cases was any evidence of the boys' guilt brought out. In one of the three cases a man who spends most of his time in prison was brought from jail to testify. On his evidence the boy was convicted.

Moore has no dependents, but we need money to help get him out. Perkins has three small children; Styles has two. His wife has been blacklisted. The children are hungry. To take care of the families and to make an effort to get the boys paroled we must have $350.

This is a bad time to ask for money, but we believe there are people who can spare a small amount to help these men and their families, against whom the laws of the State have worked such injustice. Please send contributions to Marion Defense Committee, in care of the undersigned, Box 574, Marion, N. C.

Marion, N. C., November 10 LAWRENCE HOGAN

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Christmas for Miners' Children

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you invite your readers to ransack their cellars—or penthouses—for dolls, games, mechanical toys, books, and other children's playthings for the children of miners in the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia? Christmas parties will be held in a dozen of the coal camps where many families, evicted from their homes, are living in tent colonies.

Parcels of toys should be mailed or expressed (prepaid) before December 18 to the Christmas Party Committee, care West Virginia Mine Workers' Union, Room 9, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Charleston, W. Va.

New York City readers who cannot send toys direct to Charleston may send or take them to the Pioneer Youth Shop, 350 Madison Avenue, Room 2101, New York City.

New York, November 30 Mary Fox,
for the League for Industrial Democracy
Walter Ludwig,
for Pioneer Youth

They Fish for Supper

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Four years ago I told the story in *The Nation* of the Columbine massacre in the Colorado coal strike. Readers may recall that six miners were killed and about fifty wounded in what it has become more and more evident was a planned attack on unarmed men, women, and children.

But whatever the issues and wherever the blame, the crushing weight of the tragedy has fallen on the shoulders of Mrs. John Eastenes, widow of one of the slain men, and her six children. With the help of a small check monthly from the I. W. W., her hard-pressed neighbors, and the Denver union auxiliaries, she has managed to hold her family together. Even at the cost of going hungry, she has kept them in school. My sister went out from Denver a few weeks ago to visit the family and discovered that the children were going to school all day without food and then fishing after school to get their supper.

Now Mrs. Eastenes writes that she must take two boys out of school unless she can get more help. A small check from each of us who were shocked when we first realized her plight four years ago would carry that fine family of youngsters over this crisis. I'm sending mine direct to Mrs. John Eastenes, Lafayette, Col.

New York, November 21 Frank L. Palmer

Doctors Look at Doctors

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is very heartening to see a man like Dr. Steinberg take such a definite stand in support of the socializing of medicine in his letter headed The Trouble with the Doctors, in your issue of November 25.

Every man who has served as interne in a private hospital must have witnessed at one time or another the spectacle of seriously sick but indigent individuals denied admission to the local hospitals because the limited number of charity beds were all occupied—although up on the private halls numerous rooms were standing vacant and useless.

In the light of this I cannot recommend too strongly the speech delivered by Professor James B. Bullett before the Sixty-fourth Annual Session of the Mississippi State Medical Association at Jackson, May 12, 1931, entitled State Medicine. This speech has been printed in the New Orleans *Medical and Surgical Journal* (pp. 227, 231, vol. 84, no. 4, Oct. 1931). The words of this farseeing medical leader should be rescued from obscurity, because they radiate a quality of social vision all too rarely displayed by our professional leaders.

H. Moskowitz, M.D.

Washington, D. C., November 23

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I comment on the article The Doctors Look at Medicine in your issue of November 4? To mention to the average practicing physician state medicine or any change in the economic relations between the doctor and the patient is touching his most sensitive spot. It is true, and he will admit it without reluctance, that he is not too well pleased with the present status of his profession, but nearly always only as it applies to himself.

If, according to Dr. C. Jeff Miller, health insurance smacks of paternalism, what other substitute has he to offer? Charity clinics, dispensaries, and county hospitals are the only alternative. That the clinics destroy the personal relations between the doctor and the patient is true, but the doctor has already outgrown his usefulness in that capacity although he does not know it. When a patient is able to pay for all the care necessary in a given case, he is toted around from one specialist to another, from one laboratory to another, frequently ending up by being placed in the hands of one of the specialists. This is as it should be if one wants the best advice and care obtainable, but as to personal relationship—it is almost nil. Who knows better than Dr. Charles Mayo himself the myth of personal relationship existing between the doctor and the patient? Very little of it is left in his clinic. Dr. Mayo and also all the other doctors in his large clinic are in nearly every instance strangers to the great number of patients that apply for treatment daily. This does not seem to lessen the good results obtained there and should prove the fallacy of the necessity of personal relationship in the treatment of disease. Correct diagnosis and proper treatment are far more important.

This much can certainly be said. The doctors themselves have no remedy for existing conditions. They are leaving the problem strictly alone. All they succeed in doing is to cuss any plan that is proposed. Unless the doctors change their attitude toward this problem, and that very soon, the public will without question take this matter into its own hands, and the doctor, to his deserved chagrin, will be left to eat out of those same hands and be made to like it.

Seattle, Wash., November 14 Joseph L. Lane, M.D.

For California Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will *Nation* readers and their like-minded friends in and around San Francisco and the East Bay region write the undersigned at once, at 1109 Sterling Avenue, with regard to a "get-together" occasion in December, which, it is hoped, may discover or develop additional matters of mutual interest and practical value.

Berkeley, Cal., December 1 John Martin

The next article in the series If I Were Dictator will appear in an early issue.

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Finance

An Unexplained Slump

IN various departments of trade and industry the line indicating volume of activity is flattening out, as the chart-makers express it; that is, the decline in output is being checked, so that the recent months of the present year, when compared with the same months of last year, show a smaller percentage of decrease than is revealed when the earlier months of the two periods are compared, or when the late summer and autumn of 1930 are compared with 1929. If industry has not reached the deepest valley of the depression, at all events it has come to a point where the downward slope is less steep.

Not so with the railroads, however. An analysis of their gross operating revenues—a fair criterion of physical activity, since rates have changed little—shows the carriers to be still losing business, and not merely at the rate they lost it last year, but at an accelerated rate. In only two months this year was the loss in gross earnings at a lower ratio than a year before. The following table showing percentage of decline in gross, month by month, will serve to present, though it will not answer, the question, What is becoming of railway traffic, out of which interest and dividends are paid?

	1930 compared with 1929	*1931 compared with 1930*
January	7.4	18.9
February	10.1	21.3
March	12.6	16.9
April	12.2	17.8
May	14.0	20.3
June	16.5	16.9
July	18.1	17.5
August	20.6	21.8
September	17.6	25.1
October	20.7	24.6
Ten months	15.3	20.2

One of the most disturbing items in this exhibit is that September and October earnings, which should have shown a seasonal pick-up of considerable magnitude, actually showed heavier declines compared with the corresponding months in 1930 than had occurred in any preceding month in 1931. They were also lower than in any month this year except February.

It is not easy to link this showing of the railroads convincingly with the showing of industry, which normally produces railway traffic, and point out where the relative loss of freight volume has occurred. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial activity stands at 77 for September, 1931, compared with 92 in September, 1930, and with 123 in September, 1929—a decline, respectively, of 16.3 and 25.2 per cent. Note the corresponding declines of 25.1 and 17.6 per cent in railway gross earnings—losses growing narrower in industry, wider in railroad revenues. But railway traffic comprises other items than those entering into the industrial index, such as agricultural products. Moreover, shifts in heavy and light, low-rate and high-rate, long-haul and short-haul traffic have been brought about during two years of industrial depression. Truck competition may have made more rapid inroads into the volume of railway traffic during these years than formerly. Improvement in business could generate a sweeping change in the railway situation, but figures such as those given above suggest a curious modification of the traditional parallel relationship between railroad gross earnings and industrial activity.

S. PALMER HARMAN

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Books, Music, Drama

A Vision

By ALLEN TATE

At twenty years the strong boy walked alone
Most fashionably dressed in the deserted park
At midnight, when the far lights burned low,
And summer insects whined with little tone.
There was a final and comfortable dark
So that he walked deliberately slow.
(It was not far from home; he'd been to see
A silent girl with a deep chill to her bone.)
Picking his way upon the patched brick walk,
It being less dark near the street, he hastened,
And knew a sense of fine immediacy,
And then he heard some old forgotten talk
At a vast distance like a hundred miles
Filling the air with its secrecy,
And was afraid of all the speaking air:
Now between steps, with one heel lifted,
A stern command froze him to the spot;
And then a tall thin man with stringy hair,
Fear in his eyes, his breath quick and hot,
His arms lank, and his neck a little twisted,
Spoke, and the trees sifted the air:
"I'm growing old," he said, "you have no choice."
And said no more, but his bright eyes insisted
Incalculably with his relentless voice.

Maxim Gorki

Maxim Gorky and His Russia. By Alexander Kaun. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $5.

FOR over thirty-five years now Maxim Gorki has been one of the mightiest literary forces in Russia and one of that country's most renowned unofficial spokesmen abroad. While Gorki's persistent and eloquent championship of the Soviet cause, particularly his defense of the Communist position during the recent trial of the sabotaging engineers, has cost him some of his popularity in bourgeois Europe and America, it has added tremendously to his prestige at home, where he has gradually become the veritable idol of the proletarian masses. In the Soviet Union Gorki is extolled not only as the progenitor of proletarian literature and as the writer whom Lenin himself had called "the most important representative of proletarian art," but also as the staunch guardian of Russian culture during the darkest years of civil war and revolution, as the warm friend and indefatigable sponsor of countless proletarian literary fledglings, and, above all, as the only outstanding Russian man of letters of the older generation who, despite his temporary vacillations, has remained loyal to the working class. "Every one of us, no matter what category he belongs to," a Soviet worker once said to me, "has one warm, living spot in his breast, and that is the image of Gorki."

The bitter and slanderous anti-Gorki campaign carried on by the raging émigrés has only redounded to Gorki's increased popularity in Russia. His recent journeys through the Soviet Union were little less than triumphal processions. And now that he has come back home for a permanent stay, even the desultory grumbling over his protracted residence in Sorrento has ceased, and even the *Napostu* (On Guard) group of writers, whom Mr. Kaun takes severely to task for challenging the proletarian nature of Gorki's art, are enthusiastically acclaiming Gorki as one of their own.

Professor Kaun's purpose in writing this long and interesting study was "to draw a portrait of Gorki the man and writer against the background of Russia in transition from the rule of the Czars to the dictatorship of the Bolsheviks." A great man against the background of a great epoch of war and revolution is in itself a fascinating subject. When you add to this Gorki's magnitude as a writer, and his phenomenal rise from the filth and squalor of the lowest strata of Russian society to world fame and almost universal adulation, you have a subject any biographer might envy.

On the whole, Professor Kaun has written a creditable work. His book is informative, warm, and scholarly. In addition to learning about Gorki, the reader discovers a great deal about Russia, the revolution, the Bolshevik Party, Lenin, Tolstoy, Korolenko, Chekhov, and if the image of Gorki himself becomes somewhat diffused toward the latter part of the book, it is probably because it is as yet too early to expect a complete and well-rounded portrait of this complex and extraordinary figure. The biographer himself is perfectly aware of this when he complains that "the disadvantage of writing the biography of a man still living and acting is obvious; not only can the available material not claim finality, but much of it may not be disclosed till after the death of the subject."

However, the biographer's task has been lightened by the numerous "Studies" and "Memoirs" and "Reminiscences" about Gorki that since 1900 have been pouring from the Russian printing-presses in a steadily swelling stream. Many of these studies have been collected in Gorki anthologies and are being displayed on every bookstand in the Soviet Union. Moreover, Gorki himself has given us a brilliant series of autobiographical works. Besides his numerous and unforgettable recollections of his relations with various writers and political figures—Tolstoy, Chekhov, Andreev, Blok, Lenin—we have his splendid "Childhood," "In the World," "My Universities," "Fragments from My Diary," and even "Klim Samghin," which, though a novel, has a great deal of autobiographical matter. Thus the task of the biographer was not so much the search after material as the thorough, judicious, and critical use of material easily available.

Unfortunately, the many excellences of the book notwithstanding, it cannot be said that the author has made the most judicious use of his material. For instance, one fails to understand why Professor Kaun found it necessary to take up three hundred pages, almost one-half of the total number of pages in his book, in quoting and paraphrasing Gorki's own unsurpassable story of his early life, particularly since all the books treating of this period are accessible in English. After all, even at best, a copy of an inevitably subjective self-portrait is bound to be two long removes away from objective reality. This does not mean that Gorki's self-delineation was not a proper source for the biographer; all it suggests is that to be legitimate this source should have been thoroughly sifted, checked, analyzed, and synthesized into something that would bear the semblance of an objective and original portrait. As it is, the thing is unfair to everybody concerned—unfair to Gorki, unfair to the reader, and above all unfair to the biographer himself, whose style, when not suffused by the direct or reflected glow of Gorki's own writing, appears unjustly drab and pedestrian.

Also, one is somewhat surprised at the choice of the purely biographical rather than the critico-biographical genre. Less paraphrasing and a greater emphasis on literary criticism might have, it seems, not only made the study much more valuable to

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the reader interested in Gorki, but also counterbalanced to a considerable extent the "obvious disadvantage of writing the biography of a man still living and acting," and writing about himself and his Russia.

Of the few critical comments one does encounter, most are soundly orthodox, except, perhaps, the categorical assertion in the preface that "no author has known pre-Soviet Russia so well, or has described it with such poignant truthfulness, as Maxim Gorki." This seems a bit too strong. Pre-Soviet Russia had other fine writers—Chekhov, Bunin, Kuprin, Biely, Remizov—who knew their country and described it rather poignantly and truthfully, their relative knowledge, poignancy, and truthfulness still being a debatable question. But whether in praise or derogation, Professor Kaun occasionally manifests a penchant for the strong, if not always the demonstrably exact, word: the present Soviet rulers are "pigmies"; the followers of Lenin and Zinoviev are "henchmen"; the *Napostu* group of writers are distinguished by "aridity and poverty of talent."

But these are rare aberrations. On the whole, I repeat, "Maxim Gorky and His Russia" is a distinctly worth-while book. Some of the chapters are excellent. The part treating of the Gorki-Lenin relationship is particularly illuminating, and should be of value to the American Communists, who thus may learn from Lenin the subtle art of winning over and utilizing "fellow-travelers" from among the literary intelligentsia.

For the general reader in this country, the carefully documented and revealing section of the book dealing with Gorki's unhappy visit to New York holds especial interest, although in view of the recent Dreiser affair in Harlan, Kentucky, the Gorki farce of twenty-five years ago may appear not quite so absurd and incredible.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

"High, Wide, and Handsome"

Singing Cowboy: A Book of Western Songs. Collected and Edited by Margaret Larkin. Piano Arrangements by Helen Black. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

MISS LARKIN'S introduction to her collection of cowboy songs is the best possible evaluation of her book. Therein she defines the limitations of her material:

> . . . the basis of choice was that they be worth singing over and over. . . .
>
> Although "Singing Cowboy" is not an exhaustive collection, it is a representative one. It contains work songs, love songs, dance tunes, dirges, sentimental ditties, hymns, and narratives of daring deeds.

This basis of selection and this range seem to me admirably justified. And being a poet herself, Miss Larkin has had an eye and an ear for aptness of rhythm and phrasing. None of the songs—the traditional ones—could, of course, be called literary. But many of them have fresh earthy imagery packed into their singsong and artless meters.

However, the collection is an especially happy one for this reason: Miss Larkin knows the cowboy. That he is vainglorious, simple, mildly passionate, chivalrous, whimsical, gay, sentimental, unafraid; that he is about one-half actor; that his emotional fluctuation, though "high, wide, and handsome," is not deep—these are things the cowboy himself will never know. But the book understands and exhibits him; indeed, the cowboy could learn from it, if he cared to, how to express himself more completely.

With these songs, with Miss Black's simply contrived piano arrangements, with some quaint and vivid steel engravings of sky and herd, of broncos and slaughter-houses and wide prairies, this book does a gay and a valuable thing: it holds the West.

I have one complaint—the kind of complaint singers and collectors of ballads are heir to. Surely both Miss Larkin and Mr. Carl Sandburg err in setting down:

> I ride an old paint and I lead an old dam. . . .

instead of the colloquial

> A-ridin' old Paint and a-leadin' old Dan . . .

LYNN RIGGS

Modernism

The Waves. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE word "modern" has more significance today than it probably ever had before. No century can have been so conscious of its difference from other centuries as the twentieth. To go into this consciousness, this "modernism," would require a great deal of space; but if we confine ourselves to the arts, and to a very brief glance at them, we observe, beginning several years ago, a considerable number of clever people—not necessarily artists—who nevertheless desired to "express themselves." (Some began in poetry or painting and ended in advertising or lampshades.) They were much too ingenious, too renascent to be content with the art forms that they found. Change, unconventionality, experiment were in the air. In literature, in prose, the old novel form displeased them. They wanted "new forms." It irked them to be confined to realistic narration, which precluded a language like that of the Elizabethans, which they envied.

The present volume is one of the culminations of that movement. In "The Waves" Mrs. Woolf has carried her well-known experiments to their farthest. It is unquestionably a new form, a novel told entirely in soliloquies. The six characters, close friends, never speak to each other from childhood to old age. The only direct narration describes the symbolic journey of the sun, between chapters, from east to west. It is a novel, as every page testifies, that hangs upon a theory. This theory is that by not bothering to be natural the author will be enabled to deal with life and beauty as her ancestors dealt with them, and the lost resources of English literature, particularly its exalted language, will be reclaimed.

The story of "The Waves" is schematic, frankly inconsequential. It is a book that quotation will describe best. Neville has received word that Percival, whom he loves, has died:

> Oh, to crumple this telegram in my fingers—to let the light of the world flood back—to say this has not happened! But why turn one's head hither and thither? This is the truth. This is the fact. His horse stumbled; he was thrown. The flashing trees and white rails went up in a shower. There was a surge; a drumming in his ears. Then the blow; the world crashed; he breathed heavily. He died where he fell. . . . Come, pain, feed on me. Bury your fangs in my flesh. Tear me asunder. I sob, I sob.

Some sacrifice must be made, of course, for so much grandeur of speech and emotion. Genuineness, reality, is too much to hope for under circumstances like these. No one can be expected to believe in Neville's grief; it is obvious that he (like all the other characters, in all the other situations) is striking an attitude. In order that Mrs. Woolf may write like her ancestors it is necessary that her book be hollow throughout. There is irony, therefore, in her choice of the soliloquy form, which, since of all forms that is the most susceptible to self-consciousness, was the one best suited to betray this hollowness.

Culturally, despite its lofty traditionalism, "The Waves" suggests a pretty lampshade—a well-educated lampshade, smart, original, advanced. Not an ordinary lampshade by any means, but one that has been a mode of self-expression. A confusion

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peculiar to our country makes it necessary to point out the important differences between a desire for self-expression and the true creative urge. It is not the latter, it is not an artist's passion, that we discern in "The Waves." There is beauty—one has the sensation of being smothered in beauty—but it is synthetic. Unfortunately, criticism of new imaginative literature is in such bad shape today that most people, hearing that "The Waves" has a "new form," will lump it indiscriminately with the rest of "modernist" fiction, and particularly with "Ulysses" by James Joyce. No two books could better exemplify the difference between a desire for self-expression and the true creative urge. In "The Waves" we see what happens to an amiable talent that lacks an inner drive; we see virtuosity that has finally become disconnected from inspiration, virtuosity therefore that has lost its original charm and turned into a formula; we see a torrent of imagery because the imagist tap has been left running. In "Ulysses" we see a genuine work of art. It has nothing to do with the tea-room modernism that we have been discussing.

Anyone will perceive that the matter did not necessitate the form of "The Waves." The form was born simply of restlessness, whim, a desire for novelty. And the novelty is not new; in every preening sentence we hear—we are expected to hear—a cadence of old. Isn't it odd that an appetite for experiment should be blended with an appetite for the past, that modernism should lead to archaism? Perhaps this kind of modernism was conceived not in the midst of modern life, but far removed from it, in a hushed, luxurious library, surrounded by the classics.

GERALD SYKES

Science and Professional Ethics

The Degradation of Science. By T. Swann Harding. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

MR. HARDING, who published last year a worthwhile book on the abuses of our present unsocialized medicine, has returned to the attack with a denunciation of the general degradation of the professional ethics of scientists through contact with our profit economy. This at least seems to be the fundamental thesis of the present work, for Mr. Harding's writing is so crowded with overtones and with subsidiary theses that it is very difficult for the reader to know just what is the author's main objective.

Psychologically, the starting-point of Mr. Harding's problem seems evidently to be the situation of the applied scientist, whose work has direct economic consequences and who therefore finds himself in a conflict between the ethics of his profession and the profit motive of the business man. Mr. Harding believes, and no fair-minded man will dispute him, that the contact with the world of business is leading inevitably to a corruption of the scientists' sense of ethics. The problem here, however, is essentially a problem of ethics and social organization, and has nothing to do with science as knowledge, but only as a social craft or profession. It was faced by political administrators in ancient societies when there was no natural science to speak of, but when there was the alternative of dispensing justice or lining one's own pockets. It is faced today by the members of all the professions chartered in the public interest—and not all of them can be regarded as scientific, unless the word science is taken to include not only all knowledge but also all practice.

From his starting-point of the situation of the applied scientist, Mr. Harding could have gone on to make a survey of professional organization in a modern society; or else he could have gone on, as many scientists often do, to sing the praises of science, speculate on its possible extension into new fields, describe its impact on ethical and religious beliefs. Mr. Harding has chosen to do both, without clearly distinguishing between the two themes, and without, if truth be said, displaying the equipment for a thorough handling of either.

Thus he includes in his book, besides the applied scientific professions like medicine, engineering, pharmacy, and dentistry, discussions of such semi-scientific and non-scientific callings as education, law, journalism, politics, and the ministry. Under the circumstances one might expect a statement of his social philosophy, in terms of which he is presumably criticizing the mal-functioning of these professions. Instead one gets the astounding admission that the author has no social philosophy: he is "neither radical, conservative, liberal, socialist, nor communist," and "his sole interest is the efficient application of scientific knowledge and the impersonal method of science to social problems for the general good"—whatever that may mean.

But in addition to his survey of the professions Mr. Harding discusses such theoretical topics as the social sciences, philosophy, and religion. In the social sciences Mr. Harding believes, curiously enough, that the scientist should "attend" to ethical values, without telling us how these ethical values are to be obtained, since they are outside of science. In religion, though he does not hesitate to attack the pronouncements of ministers in a Menckenesque manner, he yet professes faith in a private religion that does not conflict with science, "because the two spheres are as separate from each other as baseball and dominoes." In philosophy he appears completely out of his depth, for he cites in almost successive pages, and with equal relish and approval, such antagonistic doctrines as Smuts's Holism, Needham's defense of materialism, and Eddington's reduction of science to subjectivism.

These criticisms do not affect the interest in the last section of the book, where Mr. Harding is on the familiar ground of his "Fads, Frauds and Physicians." Unfortunately, they affect the interest of the book as dealing with an enlarged theme. It must be said that in enlarging his theme over that of his previous work, Mr. Harding has taken on more than he has been able to handle effectively and intelligently.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A Strange Tongue

A Buried Treasure. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IN placing Miss Roberts among the more considerable writers of her day one may well stop to wonder, now that she has written four full-length novels, what are the reasons for her secure position. She is an accomplished stylist, she is thoroughly aware of the virtue of restraint, she has an eye for pictures and for character, she has humor of a rather modulated and elegant sort, she chooses her subjects from the frontier, that section of the country always close to the hearts of American readers, she is homely, explicit, passionate. But I question whether any of these qualities, admirable as they are, or all of them together quite explain the source of her charm. As I think back on "The Time of Man," "My Heart and My Flesh," "The Great Meadow," and now "A Buried Treasure," I incline to the opinion that the charm lies in her language, in the tongue that she herself has invented, that languorous, sweet speech of the Kentucky back country.

I venture to declare that live, walking Kentuckians never speak like this. But that is of no consequence whatever. Miss Roberts has invented a Kentucky speech; were she to cite me chapter and verse of actual phrases heard from speaking mouths, I should still credit her with the invention, or rather with the

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artistic creation of a language. "It comes to my mind," says Andy in "A Buried Treasure," "we'd best not show the kettle. We'd best hide it deeper and not let e'er one see." Or "What's taken the dog? I never see the dog in such a swivet before." Or "I'm so in a fidget to know I couldn't sleep last night, all the time in a wonder as to what Philly had to surprise a body with." Or "Sometimes you hardly seem acquainted with the man you're married to twenty years, and all the time you know every thought inside his head and every act his body can do or is likely ever to do. And there he is, strange. So strange you wonder sometimes if it's a man or a horse or a haybailer or what kind anyway you're wedded with all your life."

I confess that I have on occasion found this language confusing. It clouds the narrative in places, it produces a slowing up of the action that distinctly lessens the dramatic effect. But taken by itself, without reference to structure or character, it has an inescapable, a mounting charm. In the main Miss Roberts controls it very well, and uses it like a tool or a weapon to build or destroy. When it gets out of hand, then I feel confusion and weakness. I should say in "The Time of Man" she used the tool most successfully; in "The Great Meadow" with least success. In the present volume, which is slighter in content than the others, there is a highly satisfactory blending of sound with sense, the tool building beautifully the sure, swift action of the narrative.

"A Buried Treasure" is the tale of two country folk, man and wife, who found a pot of gold buried in a field on their farm. It represented for them treasure, a new roof on the henhouse, a wedding gift for a cherished friend, a tithe for the Lord. The question arose at once, however, of what they should do with it. Was it safe? Where should it be hidden? Should it be hidden at all? Should the neighbors know of the good fortune? For a while it seemed in danger; then, happily, it is saved for them. That is all. A simple story, but told with economy and art, containing suspense, pity, anxiety, good temper, and a happy ending. And decorated throughout by the strange compelling language that only Miss Roberts knows and can repeat.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The 57 Psychologies

Psychology: Science or Superstition? By Grace Adams. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

A BOOK of psychology expressing the view that "there is no logical necessity for accepting a single hypothesis of even the greatest of modern psychologists" is something of a novelty, stimulating or depressing, as the reader chooses. And when this book is also an intelligent, well-informed, and well-written exposition of the principal developments in psychology from William James to John B. Watson, we have further reason to thank Dr. Adams for having taken the trouble to write it. Here is a trained psychologist who sets out to give us an account of her "science" as it has grown up in the United States, where interest in whatever concerns the human mind is so vigorous and varied. Against the dismal background of theology and puritanism we see the figure of that lonely pioneer, William James, struggling to emancipate himself from that influence, laying the foundations of the new science for which his famous "principles" were, in Cattell's phrase, the "declaration of independence." Subsiding at last into a peaceful quasi-mysticism, James gave way to the robust Münsterberg, with his bizarre "psychotechnics" and faith in the practical value of psychology. There was Stanley Hall, sponsor of Freud and founder of child psychology, whose "Man-soul" terminated an energetic quest for truth; the inflexible Wundtian, E. B. Titchener; Jastrow, Crile, Brill, Terman, Woodworth, Dewey, Hunter, Lashley, Watson—each with his approach, method, formula, and belief. Deftly, with a full command of her material, historical and technical, and in a style admirably suited to the demands of critical exposition, Dr. Adams tells the story of psychology's attempt to graduate definitely from superstition to science, not failing to show the part played in it by one after another of the foreign influences, culminating in psychoanalysis and *Gestalt*. For, as she says, although "European countries have their own national brands of psychology, America has had all brands," and the burden of her book is that none of them has established the kind of monopoly which would indicate that we are getting somewhere. In fact, at the end of fifty years of the most intensive, wide-ranging study of the human mind and its ways, we do not definitely *know* much more than we have learned by the aid of physiology, biology, and neurology. Such frank skepticism will be hard for many of us to follow, let alone emulate, but it is none the less very healthy; and Dr. Adams has performed a useful service in reminding us, in her competent and readable book, that however great may be the gains of psychology in many fields, these gains have yet to be synthesized in a manner that will deserve the exacting name of "science."

HAROLD WARD

Books in Brief

Katrin Becomes a Soldier. By Adrienne Thomas. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

This war story by a woman about a woman has been compared, by reviewers in England and Germany, where it has already appeared, to "All Quiet on the Western Front," and other of the more impressive war novels. While its claims are more modest, it is, in fact, a moving and in some places beautiful tale of a young Alsatian girl who recounted in her diary the events of her life from fourteen to nineteen. The last two years were lived on the very border of warfare, in the almost beleaguered town of Metz. Katrin went to school, fell in love, and experienced war in all its compelling horror. Her account is naive, fresh, dutiful, loyal; she was faithful to the memory of her young sweetheart, killed in 1915, through long hours of bitter labor as a Red Cross kitchen worker and later nurse, until her own death at the end of 1916. Nothing is more memorable than her day-by-day account of what happened in Metz during August, 1914. By the time thirty-one days of August had ended, the war had been lived in miniature, the sound of the bombardment had become a permanent part of the lives of the inhabitants. Only when one remembers that fifty more months of war followed that August, can the full burden of that terrific struggle be comprehended.

Unrest 1931. Edited by Jack Conroy and Ralph Cheyney. Henry Harrison. $1.75.

Here are 112 more pages of verse from revolutionary artists. Since this year marked the fourth anniversary of the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti, there are further poems on these two martyrs. The introduction sums up the economic and social situation as the editors see it. Most of the poems are very proudly "propaganda," and a few are artistically right. One of the best poems included is Lola Ridge's Three Men Die (August 23, 1927). Other well-turned poems are James Rorty's White Face and Leon Srabian Herald's Job.

The Foundations of Mathematics and Other Logical Essays. By Frank Plumpton Ramsey. Edited by R. B. Braithwaite. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

Readers with a confirmed taste for mathematical philosophy and symbolic logic will find this exceedingly abstruse vol-

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ume quite in their line. The author, who died last year at the early age of twenty-seven, could be described as a mathematical prodigy. As a Fellow of Cambridge University he had every opportunity to indulge his preferences. Brought up on the "Principia Mathematica" of Russell and Whitehead and on the work of Ludwig Wittgenstein, Ramsey proceeded at once to take the work of these men to pieces, beguiling himself meanwhile with discussions of such simple matters as Formal Logic, Theory of Universals, Chance, Causality, Truth and Probability, etc. "The chief danger to our philosophy," wrote this extraordinary young man, "apart from laziness and woolliness, is *scholasticism*, the essence of which is treating what is vague as if it were precise and trying to fit it into an exact logical category." One may well regret with Professor Moore that an early death prevented a mind of this caliber from reaching its full powers.

Vitruvius on Architecture. Volume I. Translated by Frank Granger. *Tacitus: The Histories.* Books IV, V. Translated by Clifford H. Moore. *The Annals.* Books I, III. Translated by John Jackson. *Cicero: Pro T. Annio Milone, In L. Calpurnium Pisonem, Pro. M. Aemilio Scauro, Pro M. Fonteio, Pro C. Rabirio Postumo, Pro M. Marcello, Pro Q. Ligario, Pro Rege Deiotaro.* Translated by N. H. Watts. *Tertullian: Apology and De Spectaculis.* Translated by T. R. Glover. *Minucius Felix: Octavius.* Translated by W. C. A. Kerr and Gerald H. Randall. *Plutarch's Moralia.* Volume III. Translated by Frank Cole Babbitt. *Hippocrates.* Volume IV. *Heracleitus: On the Universe.* Translated by W. H. S. Jones. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Each $2.50.

Of these new volumes in the Loeb Library the Vitruvius, the Tertullian, and the Heracleitus are immediately interesting because they bring new authors into the series, which already was well under way with Cicero, Tacitus, and Plutarch. Mr. Jones, who completes his Hippocrates in the volume which contains the fragments of Heracleitus, has in the case of each author performed a difficult task with great skill and spirit; and Mr. Glover's Tertullian will be of special value to students of early Christian thought.

Discretions. By Frances, Countess of Warwick. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

These are the rather discursive subsequent reminiscences of a woman who was born to a world that was never defeated, even when, as now, it is vanishing. The Countess herself turned Socialist in politics when she was a young woman, but socially she was born and cannot avoid dying an aristocrat. Her account of the British aristocracy, now when they are losing their closely held security and power, is rather moving than otherwise. She is aware of their shortcomings; they were proud, stupid, vain, and sometimes of no use to themselves or anybody else. They were also gay, civilized, honest, hard-working, faithful, and even intelligent, although the Countess is frank to declare that these virtues were not always apparent to the general public. A woman of great courage, power, and beauty herself, the Countess has known everybody in any way worth knowing. Queen Victoria, Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales, Disraeli, Lord Palmerston, Lady Randolph Churchill, Cecil Rhodes, Lily Langtry, the Rothschilds, William Waldorf Astor, Woodrow Wilson, Chauncey Depew, Worth the modiste, Elinor Glyn, Duse, Ellen Terry, Shaw, Walter Rathenau, Charlie Chaplin follow one another through her pages. She is very clever at hitting off some characteristic of each that makes him memorable, and in the course of her story her own character comes out strong and clear. She has never been afraid; she has never betrayed a confidence; when she was cheated out of a large portion of her fortune by a shyster it was because she had had no earlier experience with duplicity. She reveals herself, in short, as by no means lacking in that particular British pride, honor, and sense of duty which a changing world is challenging at every point. A world can end in Great Britain as well as in Russia; the days of the great estates, the overpowering formality of life, the careless disregard of everyone outside the inner circle are disappearing. But there were giants in those days, the Countess assures us. And she is somehow convincing.

Music

The Anatomy of Opera

THE stirring performance of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" that Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company have just given us—a performance that seemed better, if anything, than the original one in Philadelphia last season—has confirmed the impression it made on many of us when we first heard it. Whatever you may think of the music—and it would be a bold soul who would form any very definite opinion after these two performances alone, or with the doubtful assistance of the almost unintelligible printed vocal score—you cannot fail to admit having received a powerful dramatic impression, to which the music made an indisputably important contribution.

The most noted exponents of the essential priority of the drama over the music in an opera were, of course, Gluck and Wagner, each fighting against abuses, real and fancied, arising from an inversion of that priority.

> I endeavored [wrote Gluck, in the preface to "Alceste" (1767)] to reduce music to its proper function, that of seconding poetry by enforcing the expression of sentiment and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action or weakening it by superfluous ornament. My idea was that the relation of music to poetry was much the same as that of harmonious coloring and well-disposed light and shade to an accurate drawing, which animate the figures without altering the outlines.

Wagner's object, likewise, was the concentration of all the arts in the theater, and much is made (as, for example, by Paul Bekker in his recent book on Wagner) of the fact that his dramatic aspirations antedated his musical ones.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that one like myself, whose acquaintance with Gluck is confined to his music and whose knowledge of Wagner's music is outclassed by ignorance of his drama, values their work much more highly, certainly, than would one who knew only their dramatic genius. The biggest concession either of them was able to make was to place music and drama on as nearly *equal* planes as his essentially musical genius would allow him. As far as possible they avoided actually contradicting the import of what occurred on the stage by what went on in the pit. Wagner even made enormous formal concessions to dramatic necessity. But the music of "The Ring" has proved to be immeasurably more important than the dramatic or philosophical significance of the epic it accompanies. In the history of art Gluck and Wagner are musicians.

Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" was a further step in the same direction, and I think, irrespective of its musical merits, a far more successful one. For Debussy kept much more closely in mind than Wagner the theatrically all-important consideration of performance by human beings with limitations; and the consequence is that while a perfect performance of "Die

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Walküre" might be a great dramatic as well as musical experience, a mediocre performance of "Pelléas" is continuously stirring, even from the dramatic standpoint. But when all is said, it remains true that it is Debussy's "Pelléas" one goes to hear—not Maeterlinck's to see. And the opera has greater value, I venture to say, even to one unfamiliar with the story and ignorant of French, than the play to one who does not know the music. In the history of art, again, "Pelléas" is a musical work.

I hardly think the same could be said for, or against, "Wozzeck." I doubt whether most of its music would mean very much on phonograph records to one to whom its dramatic function was not known. Berg and his commentators may talk about "passacaglias" and "rondos," and "sonata-form movements," and "inventions on a persistent rhythm"; but for the moment I incline to think Berg may have hedged, when he began to see how far his subservience to Büchner was taking him, by superimposing "conventional forms" on music conceived independently of them. Fortunately, one would never have noticed his hedging if program notes and marks in the score had not called attention to these alleged "set pieces." *Durchkomponieren*—composition in a continuous line, illustrating dramatic development, as opposed to the set forms of older Italian opera, for example, which were determined by purely musical convention—Berg is said to abhor, although there is a scene, it appears, which he concedes to be *durchkomponiert*. But if ever an opera on second hearing sounded *durchkomponiert*, and if ever a score contained thoroughly concealed passacaglias and rondos, it is "Wozzeck." I seriously doubt whether even the total unfamiliarity of the material, which admittedly would tend to make formal outlines difficult to recognize, accounts entirely for the obscurity of these movements.

Obscurity, I mean, judged as conventional musical forms. There is nothing obscure about them judged as stage properties—no music ever written, it seems to me, so literally mirrors every phase of the action and dialogue which it subserves. If the perfect opera is really a drama effectively illustrated by music, then the perfect opera, in principle, exists; and all that remains for discussion is the intrinsic value of Büchner's play and the competence with which Berg has illustrated it.

But what about "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Barber of Seville," "Der Freischütz," "Carmen"? They are not *durchkomponiert*. In them the music does not always illustrate the drama. The same sort of music may be used in them to accompany in turn contrasting emotions—exaltation and dejection, for example. Is this because their composers had no dramatic sense?

How explain, then, the undoubted fact that all these operas are excellent theater? Did Bach prove, by taking one chorus of his Christmas Oratorio from a cantata he had written for the Queen's birthday, and by using the same music for an aria in his secular cantata, "The Choice of Hercules," and for "Prepare thyself, Zion," that he was entirely insensitive to the relations between text and setting?

Or is not such reasoning based on a quite mistaken conception of the function of music in reinforcing non-musical ideas? That function is best performed by an *intensification* of the meaning of the text or action, not by mere *illustration* of it. And that intensification may come as well through the sheer intrinsic emotional power of the music as from any close relation with the details of the text. Music, that is, produces at its best no specific emotions describable in non-musical terms. But music of intrinsic value has enormous power to intensify specific emotions. So a cheap love scene in a movie may be made stirring by playing stirring though entirely unrelated music to accompany it; and the same music may give equal intensity to the dying-mother scene, or to moonlight on the water, or to sunlight on the Alps.

What Alban Berg has done is to illustrate a very effective play with very effective music. Whether the play is really as good as it seems, only longer acquaintance will tell; one has to remember that it is so new an experience to hear anything approaching intelligent dialogue on the operatic stage that when someone says "Meine unsterbliche Seele stinket nach Branntwein" in the Metropolitan, we are perhaps too quick to decide that this is one of the drama's greatest lines. The music, too, would need many hearings to establish itself as more than illustration. As such it is extremely sensitive, intelligent, and effective. Whether its intrinsic emotional content is enough ever to establish it as more than that, however, I seriously doubt. I am afraid "Wozzeck," if it figures in the history of art, will do so as drama.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Technique

MOLNAR'S mildly amusing but preposterous little comedy, "The Good Fairy," has just achieved instantaneous and golden success at Henry Miller's Theater. Doubtless the personal popularity of Helen Hayes has something to do with the matter, and doubtless the very expert performances which both she and Walter Connolly provide have something more. But the unaccountable public must be more than commonly pleased with the play itself, and that fact alone is enough to give the meditative critic a moment's pause.

Those who are familiar with Molnar's work do not need to be told that he has "nothing to say." He would, indeed, be highly insulted by the suggestion that he had, for he regards substance of any sort as unworthy of so brilliant a technician as himself, and takes especial pride in his ability to write successful comedies about nothing at all. But in the present play he has outdone even himself, and he has demonstrated (doubtless to his own profound satisfaction) that he can hold an audience throughout an entire evening without recourse to a theme, a thesis, or even a consistent plot; that he does not need credible characters, understandable motives, or even a definable tone. He is Molnar, he has his "technique," and that is enough.

Starting with a conventional scene which reveals a beautiful girl alone in the private room of a restaurant with a too ardent suitor, he proceeds to pile one purely arbitrary surprise upon another. The girl is not, as she pretends, a fashionable married woman but an usher in a movie theater. She is finding it difficult to "sell herself" because she has no one for whom she can make this sacrifice, and so she picks the name of a lawyer out of a telephone book, tells the suitor that this lawyer is her husband, and insists that he shall pay her by making the pseudo-husband rich. Then the lawyer is discovered to be a middle-aged man of unimpeachable rectitude, the girl runs off with the headwaiter in a hotel, the lover suddenly withdraws his patronage from the bewildered lawyer, and so it goes from one fantastic event to another until it reaches an end which is no end at all, and then proceeds to an epilogue in which all the characters are shown ten years later, and the girl is revealed as married to the last person you would expect. When it is all over one wonders just why one has consented to be more or less amused by such folderol; and that wonder constitutes the point—if there is one—of the proceedings.

The real explanation is, I believe, simpler and less flattering to the audience than some which have been alleged. There is nothing very subtle about the charm which such a play has for a very large number of people; it is due, in great measure, to the fact that it may be watched without that minimum of in-

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A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.
Tuesday evening, December 15, at 8:30 P. M.
THEODORE DREISER ALFRED KREYMBORG
LEWIS MUMFORD
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Eugene O'Neill's Trilogy, MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
will be discussed Dec. 13, at 2:30 P.M.
by Mme. ANNE BARNOUW of the Theatre Guild
at the Moliere Circle
Meets every Sunday afternoon—Whitehall Hotel (Roof Garden)
250 W. 100th St. Dancing
Dec. 20—MAURICE GORDIN (International Correspondent for Hearst newspapers 1924-5) speaks on RUSSIA (Utopia in Chains)

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□ FIRST NIGHTS □

Dec. 7—The Passing Present—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

Dec. 7—Coastwise Annie—Belmont—W. 48th St.

Dec. 9—Springtime For Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.

Dec. 10—1931—Mansfield—47 St. W. of B'way.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT will be found on following page.

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Plays to See

After All—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
Bloody Laughter—49 St.—W. of B'way.
Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way
Louder, Please—Masque—45 St. W. of B'way.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
1931—Mansfield—47 St. W. of B'way.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Avon—W. 45 St.
Streets of New York—48 St.—E. of B'way.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
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tellectual effort which even a farce requires if it is based upon human nature or follows any sort of logic in its development. In "The Good Fairy" events succeed one another in so arbitrary a fashion that it is not necessary to remember what happened even five minutes before, and one may enjoy its gay gyrations in the same placid, non-participating way that an infant in its perambulator enjoys the balloon floating above its head or the rattle shaken in its face. There are sounds, there are colors, and there is movement. What more does one need for that simple distraction which is all that a good half of mankind craves? Most people think that they want to be entertained, but there is something relatively strenuous even about entertainment. What they really want is merely to be kept from being bored, and "The Good Fairy" is designed for the exact purpose of gratifying this want. Joseph Wood Krutch

Contributors to This Issue

Amos Pinchot is a New York lawyer and publicist.

John Elliott is on the Berlin staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Rose Macaulay is the well-known English novelist, author of "Potterism," "Dangerous Ages," and "Staying with Relations."

Cordell Hull is United States Senator from Tennessee and former chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Powers Hapgood has worked in mines in the United States, Wales, France, Germany, and Russia.

Allen Tate is the author of "Mr. Pope, and Other Poems."

Joshua Kunitz is the author of "Russian Literature and the Jew."

Lynn Riggs is the author of the play "Green Grow the Lilacs," which was produced by the Theater Guild last year.

Gerald Sykes is a writer of fiction.

Benjamin Ginzburg is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

Harold Ward has written articles on scientific subjects for various periodicals.

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
AT COOPER HALL
8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock
Admission Free

Friday, December 11
DR. C. R. STOCKARD
"The Role of Heredity in Personality."

Sunday, December 13
DR. HORACE J. BRIDGES
"What This Country Needs."

Tuesday, December 15
MR. NATHANIEL PEFFER
"The New International Society: Russia or America"

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock

Thursday, December 17
PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING
"The System of Greek Thought: Logic."

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LECTURES

The Leading Question of the Day
UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE
will be discussed from the Liberal and Radical points of view by
DR. JOSEPH MITCHELL of Columbia Univ. and DR. ABRAHAM MARKOFF, Dir. of the Workers School
under the auspices of the
Social Workers Discussion Club
at Stuyvesant Neighborhood House
Corner Stuyvesant & 9th Sts.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16, at 8 P.M.
Admission 25 cents

Institute for Advanced Education
Roerich Museum—103rd St. & Riverside Dr.
DEC. 15 at 8 o'clock
The Inferiority Complex
DR. W. BERAN WOLFE
DEC. 15 at 8:55
The Ductless Glands and the Future of Mankind
DR. LOUIS BERMAN

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